

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



Port Colborne, Ontario, in the Great Lakes which will be visited by Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh during their tour of Canada (see page 533)

In this number:

Fifth Anniversary of the Third Programme (E. M. Forster and Harman Grisewood)

A Russian Ballerina in Florence (James Monahan)

Party Political Broadcasts (Rt. Hon. Clement Davies and Rt. Hon. Hugh Gaitskell)



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The Listener

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A Challenge to the Commonwealth

The first of two talks by SIR NORMAN ANGELL on freedom of movement

YOU may recall a remark made a year or two ago by that very great figure of the trade-union and labour movement, Ernest Bevin. He said that he looked forward to the day when men could move so freely about the world that when an Englishman desired to visit some foreign part all he would have to do would be to go to Victoria Station and buy a ticket, starting on his journey without further ado. Bevin hoped, in other words, for the liberation of the world from those shackles on free movement which have increased so alarmingly in these last few decades. He forecast that freedom as a condition that had yet to be brought about; and implied that it could be achieved only with the triumph of the social order for which he stood.

The extraordinary thing was that neither Bevin nor his critics revealed much consciousness of the fact that this freedom of movement, far from being the feature of some remote Utopia, had been a commonplace in the bad old days of Bevin's own youth. It was accepted then almost as a matter of course. One could travel virtually round the world—if one avoided Russia or Turkey—without passport, visa, sailing permit, currency authorisation; in fact, without any of those documents of our day which are often so difficult to secure, and, sometimes, in the case of those who need them most, impossible. Much of the world is closed to us in the mid-twentieth century, not merely by the iron curtains of others, designed to keep us out, but by curtains of one kind or another which we ourselves have lowered in order to keep ourselves in.

It is often assumed that this lost freedom concerns only the few, the well-to-do, the bourgeoisie able to go on world journeys or spend their winters on the Riviera; and that its loss does not really matter to the mass of people. Nothing could be more untrue. It is precisely the worker, the poorest, the under-privileged, those who are hardly treated by society and circumstance, who are likely to be most handicapped by this loss. Consider what freedom of movement meant in the nineteenth century for the unfortunates, the displaced persons of that time, for the 4,000,000 of Irish who were able to flee from

famine or harsh conditions to countries offering sanctuary and a fresh start; to still more millions in Poland, or Russia—for many Russians emigrated under the Tsars—escaping from ghettos or political or religious oppressions; or to those escaping from the aftermath of the revolutions of central Europe in the middle of the century; or from impossible economic conditions in Italy, in Greece, and a dozen other countries of Europe.

And consider what it has meant to the whole western world today. For those millions of migrants, who took advantage of the freedom of their own day to cross the Atlantic, did more than save or improve their own lives. Their labour in making America was to save the freedom of a later generation.

Look at the facts. At the close of the American Civil War—that is to say within the life-time of hundreds of thousands of men still living—the population of the United States, Confederate and Union States combined, Negroes and whites, amounted to about 30,000,000. They inhabited a country impoverished, particularly as to the southern states, by a murderous war; much of its best blood drained away in the enormous casualties, facing a bitter racial conflict still unresolved; possessing a badly depreciated paper currency. Yet in one life-span that devastated country of 30,000,000 became one of 150,000,000, enjoying the highest standard of life for the common man anywhere in the world or at any period of history and, over and above that, able to furnish badly needed aid to half the world.

Immigration alone could not have accomplished this miracle, but it could never have been done without the immigration in the first place. In a little more than fifty years following the civil war, America admitted more than 33,000,000 immigrants; that is to say a number in excess of the country's whole population at the beginning of that period. There were several years in which more than 1,000,000 immigrants were admitted during the twelve months. This immense migration was not only unplanned—and for the most part quite unaided—but it was on a scale which our planned world of the twentieth century has been quite unable to equal. A few years ago, a bill was

introduced into the American Congress designed to admit 400,000 displaced persons at the rate of 100,000 a year. It was bitterly opposed and so emasculated that only a very few thousand have been admitted. Yet in the day of free migration refugees entered the United States not at the rate of 100,000 a year, but often at the rate of 100,000 a month. Without even knowing that it was doing it, the unplanned world was able to solve, with lasting benefit to itself, a problem which our planned world finds all but insoluble.

Just how free this immigration—and emigration—had become at the end of the nineteenth century is illustrated in my own case. When I was seventeen, I decided to emigrate to America. Perhaps I was made restless by the very revolutionary discussions which went on in the continental university I was attending, and I was obsessed with the feeling that old Europe had entangled itself in problems it could not solve. At any rate, I decided I wanted to live the simpler life of a manual worker in the open spaces of a new world, free of the problems which cursed the old.

Ticket to New York

It was a somewhat sudden decision, as those of a seventeen-year-old are apt to be. And all I had to do to carry it into effect was to buy a ticket to New York. I had no passport, no visa, no number on a quota; I made no visit to consulate or embassy, and I had only a very small sum of money in my pocket. On arrival at New York I was not asked for any papers of any kind, and I landed with as little difficulty as one might land from the Isle of Wight ferry. I made my way west, and became a farm hand, working at first for my keep only: I graduated to cow punching, and thence to haulage work with wagon and mules; I prospected for gold; took up land, bought timber for a house which I built with my own hands, helped by neighbours who had built theirs in the same way. I had to get no licence to build my house; no union card to work at the very varied jobs I tackled. No one questioned my right to become by turns farm hand, miner, cowboy, teamster, carpenter, builder, as I chose. In fact, it would have been regarded by all concerned as the height of silliness—and tyranny—to interfere with a man's freedom to go into the wilds and try to do those things. It was a means by which he could discover himself, find out what he was best fitted for, how he could best dispose of his life. This is surely an essential part of human freedom and, to use a phrase common in the jargon of our times, essential to the full development of the human personality. But no authority could have planned it. I was merely one of tens of millions who were thus doing the thing they wanted to do. The doing of it brought a new life to the migrants, and power and prosperity to the land in which they settled.

Yet there has been at intervals bitter opposition to this policy of free immigration in America. As early as 1810, when the population was slightly above 7,000,000, a pronounced anti-foreign, anti-immigration movement arose. It was based largely on the argument that as the population had doubled in twenty years, a continued increase at the same rate would soon over-populate the country. The influx of 'foreigners' would swamp the 'native' Americans—'native' meaning, in this case, not the American Indians, but the English-speaking elements—and would 'submerge American institutions'. This fear was to recur again and again in the century which followed, and recent Congressional action shows that it is still powerful today.

But in the nineteenth century, the immense migration to America to which I have been referring did not justify the fears it caused. It did not disrupt the receiving country's economy; it alone made the rapid development of America's natural resources possible. It did not lower the American standard of life—which rose steadily all the time. Nor did it swamp the country's distinctive culture or political institutions—in fact, in the end, it alone made possible the effective defence of those institutions, and like institutions elsewhere in the world.

For it is one of the strange metamorphoses of history that some hundreds of thousands of men, of German, Italian, Greek, Russian, Polish, Czech, Lithuanian origin, by their industry in peace and their courage in war, made possible the restraint of the nations whence they came, when those nations were caught up in some aggression against our way of life. And we should not overlook the symbolism of the fact that the great soldier and statesman who today leads the defence forces of the west in Europe is named Eisenhower.

A common illusion about the power of America—especially her economic power—is that this power is derived almost automatically from what we are apt to term her boundless spaces and vast resources. But the simple fact is that the United States occupies a relatively

small part of the world she assists. Indeed she occupies only a small part of the western hemisphere—Brazil alone has a greater land area. Yet it was not Brazil, nor even her twenty Latin-American neighbours, that saved the west from defeat and is now furnishing Marshall Aid to half the planet. It is a case in which some six or seven per cent. of the world's population is materially assisting some sixty or seventy per cent. That the United States is able to do these things today is not due merely to her physical attributes, which other areas possess in equal and greater measure, but to the political qualities she has revealed; more specifically, the larger body, Latin America, has not been able to do what the smaller body, the United States, has done, because the United States made a union, and Latin America did not, at least to any similar extent. But for this political tendency towards integration, and the rejection of policies of disintegration, like that presented by the Confederacy, the United States could not have made her material resources, and the vast immigration which developed them, the basis of her present power.

The America of lend-lease, of Marshall Aid, of Franklin Roosevelt, and of Eisenhower is not a product of nature like Niagara Falls. It is the result of a political and social judgment, able to turn America's political natural resources to good account. But the outcome of the struggles, as the Alexander Hamiltons and Abraham Lincolns would have testified, was again and again a very near thing indeed. Today we are more concerned with the outcome of that struggle than we have ever been before.

But although this new preponderance of American power has proved indispensable to the defence of western Europe, it has also—like most new situations—brought its own problems and dangers. For the dependence of all western nations upon the preponderant member of the group is not a very good foundation for building up that unity on which the defence of the west in the long run must depend. The older nations of the west, particularly this nation, cannot continue indefinitely to lean upon the United States without losing any real share in shaping decisions by which we are compelled to abide—compelled, that is, by our economic and military needs rather than by any dictation of the United States. It is dangerous for the western world, embracing a population of between 500,000,000 and 600,000,000, to have so narrow a base. The pyramid is on its apex.

Moreover, if communist power continues to expand, particularly among the population masses of the east, the burdens of continued western resistance may become so great as to be beyond the economic capacity even of the United States. Even apart from that fact, the principle of discussion on equal terms between members of a partnership is difficult to maintain when one of them has such a preponderance of power as that possessed by the United States at this time. This sort of situation is certain to impose a constant strain upon the tempers of the less powerful members. The formulation of policy by real and free discussion demands a better balanced partnership. What is needed to redress this balance is a new unit of power in the west corresponding broadly to that now exercised by the United States.

Obstacles in the Mind

The most available means for securing this new balance of western economic and political power would be the development of the more sparsely populated British dominions—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and the Rhodesias. The material basis is there, since the total area and resources of these Dominions greatly exceed those of the United States. Their total population of some 30,000,000 is just about the population of the United States at the close of the Civil War. And the kind of manpower which America used for the rapid development of her material resources is available to the Dominions. There are no physical obstacles to prevent the Commonwealth from doing what the United States has already done. The real obstacles lie in the realm of the mind and feeling: those arising out of nationalism, local patriotism, out of a mistaken interpretation of local interest; and perhaps an increasing disposition in this generation to avoid individual action and wait instead upon collective and state action. But opinions on policy, and feeling about it, are not unchangeable, as the experience of America again has demonstrated.

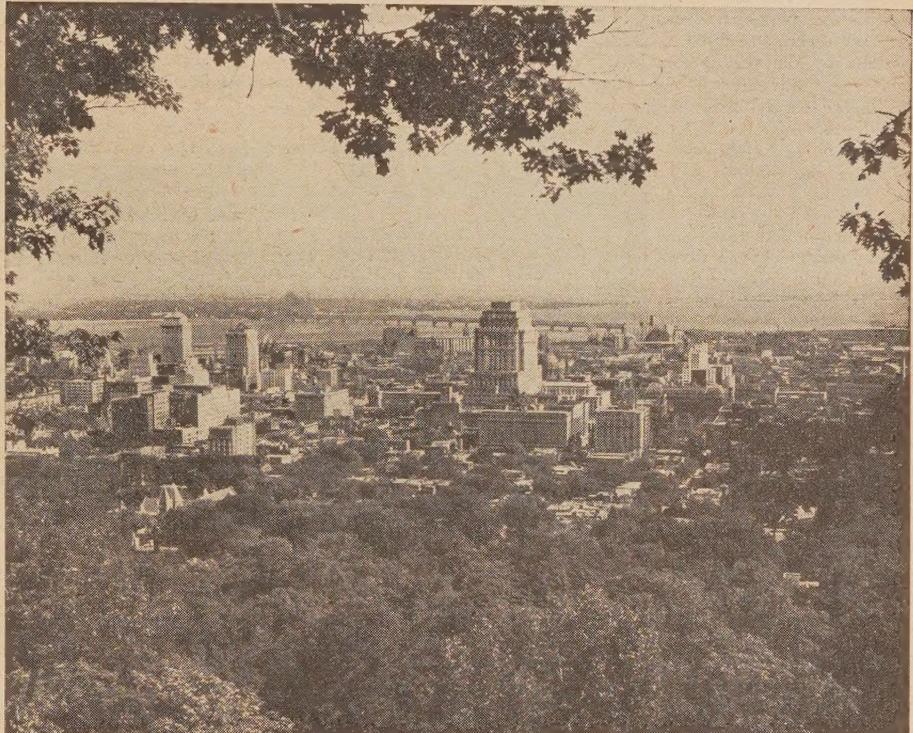
Today, we of the Commonwealth are confronted with a challenge. Like the America of 100 years ago, we are the inheritors of a new and still largely empty world, with potentialities of welfare and power certainly as great as those which the Americans have used to such good effect. Can we do as much with our opportunities and duplicate their achievement? I believe that we can.—*Home Service*

Canada and the Royal Visit

By LEN PETERSON

CANADIANS are like people all over the world. We like having visitors, and we have heard so much about Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh that it is exciting for us at last to have the opportunity of entertaining them in our home. The royal couple will start their tour in Quebec. Sam Plain built his habitation there less than 350 years ago. Some of the streets and buildings suggest quaintness, but it would be more accurate to call Quebec, like the other large Canadian cities, a city bursting with commerce and industry. In the 'forties, Canada made a great leap forward to become one of the leading half-dozen countries of the world industrially. The industrial boom is still on, spurred by large-scale projects in iron, steel, oil, aluminium and uranium.

Most of our early history revolved around Quebec. The most interesting showpiece is undoubtedly the Plains of Abraham: just a field, but here, after a battle fought by only 10,000 men, and lasting six minutes, half a continent changed hands. All battles fought on Canadian soil have been really not much more than minor skirmishes. We do not know what it is like to have our land laid waste and our homes blasted to rubble. Maybe that is why we are so



Canadian National Railways

Montreal, where it is expected that the royal visitors will have their first sight of Canada, and (left) Bow River and the Three Sisters Mountains in the Rockies

serious: we have no great black period in our history to make us gay.

The radio and press in Canada devote considerable time and space to the threat of war and the need for rearmament. Among the people there is a sober feeling about the world situation, I would say, but no hysteria. According to opinion polls, the high cost of living is the biggest worry at the moment. Prosperity and inflation are both with us: the times are good for a lot of people, but not so good for the man with the fixed income. The number of new cars on the highways, the amount and variety of merchandise in the stores, the stock market, houses, apartment blocks, office buildings and factories being built certainly suggest prosperity. Defence needs, of course, have a high priority in construction, in manufacturing.

The royal couple could hardly have picked a better time of the year to visit Ottawa. The trees will have turned, and I know of little scenery in Canada more impressive than the Gatineau River country in the autumn. Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh will visit the Canadian Army at Kingston, and the Air



Force at Trenton. Toronto, the next step over, might claim among its distinctions to be the cultural capital of English-speaking Canada. Publishing houses, the Royal Conservatory of Music with its Opera School, and the production centre for radio are in Toronto. Radio is probably our greatest cultural influence. Canada has no television yet. Cities near the United States border, however, pick up American television shows. There is much talk these days about defending ourselves from American culture. American books and magazines, plays, movies, and commercial radio programmes glut our market; but it is unlikely that that situation will change very soon. Some people feel that the only solution is direct government subsidy for our artists. We do have a fair number of active interpretive artists: it is our creative artists, the composer, the painter and the writer, who are in a bad way.

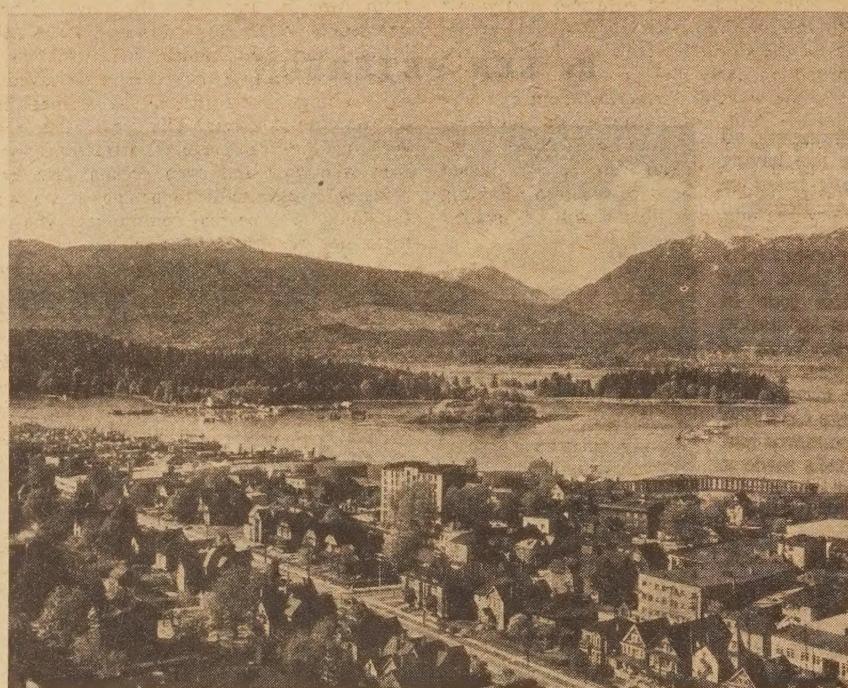
One of the seven wonders of the world is on the royal itinerary: Niagara Falls. It is still a mecca for tourists and honeymooners. Because of industrial demands, the hydro-electric power output of the Falls has been increased, but care has been taken not to divert too much water, and mar the appearance of the Falls. After visits to Hamilton and Windsor, two large industrial cities, our guests fly to Kapuskasing, deep in the Canadian wilds, where there is a large pulpwood development. Canada is still a land of wilderness with an irregular strip of communities and cultivation along its southern border. Here and there the wilderness reaches right to the border. At Kapuskasing, it is easy to understand why the Indians

created such a creature as the wendigo—a frightening, shapeless creature that preys on hunters in the woods.

The harvesting of the grain crop, probably the second largest the prairies have ever had, will be pretty well completed by the time Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh arrive out west. The prairie people will be getting ready for the long winter siege, banking up their basements and putting on storm windows. Nearly everyone curses the place, and talks about how he is going to clear out as soon as he retires. That day comes; he sells his house and moves with his wife to Vancouver or Toronto; but then in a year—sometimes in only a couple of months—the old couple are back. They don't feel at home away from the cursed prairies.

I am sure our guests will find the Canadian Rockies impressive. It is a fine climax to the long train ride over the flat, treeless prairies, to see those great peaks on the horizon.

After a few days off by themselves on Vancouver Island, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh come back by way of Edmonton, where they will take a look at some of the new oil developments. From Edmonton our royal visitors will fly to the head of the Great Lakes where ocean-going vessels will be able to dock when the St. Lawrence Seaway is completed. From the head of the Lakes our guests will move on to Montreal, the largest and gayest city in Canada. Then, after a trip down to Washington, they will visit the Maritimes in Newfoundland, our newest Province.—*From a talk in the Home Service*



Vancouver, British Columbia

A Settlement with Russia?

The Philosophical Approach

By DOUGLAS WOODRUFF

THE eminent Foreign Secretary, Lord Salisbury, was the author of the dictum that nine-tenths of statesmanship is appreciation of material. The other tenth is the application of judgment to that material. And I think the verdict of history will be that British and American statesmen in the nineteen-forties failed to appreciate their material correctly in their dealings with the Soviet Union, and that the errors that were so costly six or seven years ago still obscure our vision. Because we had long been a sovereign power deeply versed in the traditions and forms of international diplomacy, we much too readily identified the power established in the Kremlin with something long familiar to us—Russian imperialism. We did not take Russian imperialism particularly lightly. We long supported Turkey, and guarded the North-West Frontier of India, and made alliance with Japan, with Russia in mind. But we thought that it was a geographically localised imperialism, and that if it were given way to along its own frontiers, from the Baltic States to the Black Sea, it would be satisfied. There was no excuse for this misunderstanding, because we had already had a quarter of a century's experience of the Soviet as a world power, and because the movement, starting from nothing late in the last century, had grown in public. Therefore its plans and even its tactics were no secret—if it had not been so repug-

nant to English public men to read the unattractive works of Lenin.

Mirabeau truly observed of Prussia that in other countries the state possessed an army, but that in Prussia the army possessed a state. What happened at the Bolshevik Revolution of October 1917 was that a party came to possess a state. Other nations have parties, generally more than one, but there is a continuity in the state, a reality in the public opinion, a sense of national interest, an instinct that is outside party allegiances, whereas in Russia the Bolsheviks, once they had seized power, began to use the Tsar's old Empire as a base for ambitions and plans which had always been world-wide. The Red Army was originally formed by the cosmopolitan revolutionary, Trotsky, to secure the mastery in Russia. But it is no accident that it was the first army to develop parachute troops, from the late 'twenties onwards, because its role was always conceived as outside Russia, liberating, as the phrase goes, other peoples, and assuming the presence of elements friendly to the parachutists in the other countries. And when it took the field in 1939, against Finland, the motif of world conquest, of the hammer and sickle on the globe, was on its banners. Tsarist imperialism would have had no sort of interest in revolution in Spain, but Bolshevik Russia played a busy and active hand, particularly in the first stages of the civil war, and the presence of Russian field officers and Russian

tanks was noted by Reuter's correspondent in the first months at Madrid.

We should therefore start any consideration of the outlook by recognising that we are threatened by a movement which has literally the world for its prize, which will never rest satisfied with less, and whose leading members were brought up to think that they would not be able indefinitely to hold a part of the world for their revolution in the face of the hostility of the unsubdued parts. But precisely because the ambitions are so very large, and the ways of furthering them so many and various, there is no need for the Politburo to think in the old terms along the old grooves, and the west, which let itself be deceived diplomatically by imagining it was confronted with the ordinary imperialism of a state and a people, is equally liable to be deceived into thinking, still in the old terms that history has taught it, that it will be invaded by a powerful state with a large army.

Victory by Subversion

It seems to me precisely because the Kremlin has so many weapons in its armoury that it is not likely to risk everything on a single throw. I think the key to Kremlin policy is to be found in a remark of Vyshinsky some two years ago, when he said: 'We shall win by our ideas'. Why risk war, atomic war, war that of its nature would make the discipline maintained over Red generals and Red privates increasingly hard to maintain, when the subversion of the western world can be achieved more slowly, but with the great advantage of involving no risk and little expense to the Soviet Union? As a young revolutionary, Stalin concentrated on the handling of national minorities, the technique by which what we may call the folk-lore side of peasant cultures can be permitted and preserved, even encouraged, provided that all the essentials are firmly held in Communist Party hands. To work on and through nationalist feelings in Asia and Africa, to work upon the poor populations of both these continents, so that the western world may be deprived of its raw materials, and these countries may be claimed one by one for the Soviet Empire: this has so far proved itself a reasonably effective as well as a cheap and safe policy. We make a great mistake if we think that because communists are materialists they only consider the balance of material force. They understand very well that people also must be mastered, but they are full of self-confidence that people can be changed and made as governments and parties want them. For this reason they have so much contempt for talk of the rights of majorities, since they see all majorities as the marionettes of the few who pull the strings.

One of Lenin's writings, which it is a thousand pities more of our public men had not read, is a little pamphlet written just before the October Revolution called *Can the Bolsheviks Keep and Retain State Power?* He points to Tsarist Russia, where 60,000 people, the court and nobility and their chief agents, ruled 130,000,000, and he pointed out that most of the 60,000 were individually unimpressive people, members of a class long exempted from exertion; and yet they ruled easily enough. And Lenin drew the conclusion that a very small minority, a few tens of thousands, can rule tens of millions, granted three conditions, that they control the Army, the police, and the official *mythos*, the picture of the world which is before the eyes of subjects, the official view of things to be inculcated in the schools and through the press: he was writing just before the radio had become a political instrument, or he would have added that. He proved right in attacking the fainthearted who thought 250,000 Bolsheviks too few to master Tsarist Russia and stay in the saddle, for within a few months it was done, and done in the face of foreign intervention. And when we are assessing Stalin and his lieutenants today we must never forget that they made their fortunes by great boldness at the right time, striking ruthlessly and ferociously when the moment was ripe, and finding the ripeness of the moment in the presence of a Social Democrat government—that of Kerensky, very typical of Social Democrats in being more afraid of the old régime than of the Communists, so that he would not come to any terms with the Russian Imperial Army, whose morale the Communists set out to corrupt, promising the soldiers peace, and the peasants bread. This history is relevant because these are still the doctrines and methods, to talk of peace to soldiers, or those who may be called up to be soldiers, to talk of land to peasants, and of plenty to workers.

When I am asked what I think of the prospects of the two world orders existing side by side, I reply that it turns on two things which will decide the fate of Europe, and with Europe, Africa and the Middle East. The first is going in our favour; it is what is happening to the working classes in the free western half. They have not come up to Soviet expectations, and even where there is a very large communist

vote, in France and Italy, it would be for the most part quite unreliable as an ally to an invading Red army. Many Italians and Frenchmen vote communist because it is the most effective way of getting things from America and from their own richer countrymen. Of the three peninsulas which come down into the Mediterranean, the Greek, the Italian, and the Spanish, the first two have had American aid in abundance, because they had to be saved from communism; the third had nothing, save a little in the last year or so, because it had mastered its communist threat. The legal offence known as demanding money with menaces can have its attractions for larger groups also. But the men who vote and even demonstrate like this in Italian or French cities want essentially to belong to the western world, and to be paid for doing so. The real communists who organise them have to talk to them not the true doctrine but in national terms and about local grievances. Still, I believe the west has been saved by the United States.

But the other condition is not being fulfilled, although the testing time is only now approaching. Some 70,000,000 Europeans who know they belong to the same world as the rest of us, the Catholic and Orthodox agricultural people of central Europe, were allowed to fall under the domination of the Soviet Union, and it is slowly digesting them. It works through local communists, but how severely it disciplines and controls them is shown by the rage at Tito's defiance even when he was a thoroughgoing communist in everything except the party obedience to Moscow. What is now going on is a process of digestion, and time is on the side of the Kremlin; already young children are appearing at these 'peace rallies' in Berlin, the children of parents who will never be communists, but children being brought up as little fanatics for Stalin. Most wars in history have come because one of the belligerents thought he was so much stronger than the person he proposed to attack that victory was certain; often he was right. The danger will grow proportionately as Moscow can think it commands an Empire reaching from the Elbe to Vladivostok, and that it commands expendable satellite armies; and the danger will recede in proportion as it can be forced back on to the defensive. We have had our successes in repelling forward moves, like the attempt to sever the communications of the west with Berlin or the defeat of the communist programme for Korea. But as we grow stronger we must cease to be content to wait and see where we are to be struck at next; we too must have our ideas and our programme, to impose the presence of the west and the shadow of our combined strength where hitherto the only shadow has been the Red Army; we have to act as a counterweight, so that it becomes increasingly difficult for a few communists to rule non-communist and Christian peoples.

Danger of the War of Nerves

This whole business of organising a counter-pressure, so that it should be the communist minorities and not the non-communist majorities who will come to feel overshadowed, intimidated, and on the defensive, is a highly complex affair which cannot be explored further here; and we must leave it that it is quite false antithesis to imagine there is nothing in between the extremes of full-scale war and the passive surrender of so much of Europe. The cold war need not be only a communist conception. The broad position is that we have given the communists the fullest access to win the minds and hearts of our peoples, and their success has been very small. They have tried to shut us out from the subject populations whom they are conditioning, and we must see that they are unsuccessful. There will be dangers in a more constructive policy; but then the situation is highly dangerous. If ever there was a sufficient cause for war, it exists today, with Europe and Asia and Africa as the prizes. And what seems to be particularly dangerous is that the Russians may not mean themselves to launch a sudden attack, and yet by their completely hostile attitude may go just too far in the war of nerves, and precipitate events they did not intend. The more they are forced on to the defensive, the less this risk will become. There is a last consideration, which is that the faith which possesses these men is not really a religious faith, though it has the driving power of a religion. It is not like Islam, a revelation impervious to history, but professes to be a scientific practical doctrine. As such it is a nineteenth-century creation, not true as an account of man or human society, and therefore likely to lose its grip with the passage of time, as experience repudiates so much of its dogma. That, also, is a process we must do all we can to further by engaging these communists on a philosophical plane, compelling them to face the partial and distorted account they give of man, and his motives and ideals.

—European Service

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited, and the B.B.C. cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscript matter, whether literary or musical, which is submitted for its consideration. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C., nor do the reproductions of talks necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast script. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: inland and overseas, 2d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publication Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

The New Hymn Book

HYMN-SINGING has a long history. Ancient civilisations practised it and some of the hymns sung in our churches today derive from the work of the Greek melodists. In the development of British hymnody the nineteenth century was a particularly fruitful period. Hymns and hymn-writers multiplied rapidly; so did collections of hymns—many of them compiled with an eye to doctrine rather than to the quality of the words or tunes—for use in the various denominations. The most widely known collection that drew hymns from many sources yet bore the sanction of no particular church authority was *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, first published in 1861 and followed since then by several revised editions. But though the number of hymn books specially designed for use in the various Christian churches is still legion, the number of hymns common to all the main books is comparatively small—a fact which became increasingly apparent with the development of religious broadcasting. For studio services draw for their hymns on many different hymn books and those who desire to have the words in front of them as they are sung are often hard put to it to lay their hands on the text, especially if it does not happen to be included in one of the main collections. This difficulty has now been resolved by the publication this week of *The B.B.C. Hymn Book*.*

The first demand for such a book came from listeners themselves and the steps taken from 1937 onwards to meet this demand are described in a short preface. The hymns—some 500 of them in all, with music—are classified under definite headings, there being no general section; and to hymns for use in services broadcast from a B.B.C. studio, others (e.g. some of the Communion hymns and those for Baptism, Confirmation, and Marriage) have been added in order to make the book complete and suitable for use in churches. Several new hymns are included and some which are not at present widely known. Metrical Psalms, Bible Paraphrases, and Choir Settings also find a place—the last named being primarily intended for use by the B.B.C. Singers at the Daily Service.

In the preparation of this book a point was made that while 'good popular' hymns might be preserved in its pages, 'bad popular' hymns should be excluded. Most of us can think of hymns which we consider 'bad', and indeed among the hymns which may be considered 'good' the language and similes used sometimes appeal to us more by reason of their traditional associations than for their appropriateness to the mood and thought of the twentieth century. What constitutes a 'good' hymn is a matter of some controversy. George Herbert, one of the finest writers of religious lyric in the language, maintained that the excellence of a hymn depended on the extent to which 'the soul unto the lines accords'—words echoed in a more modern judgment, namely that the first purpose of a great hymn is to make articulate the deepest emotion of the soul. But if the 'lines' are important, the tune is even more so, for hymn-singing is a part of public worship in which all should be able to share. If the music is unintelligible to the congregation or beyond their power to sing, clearly the hymn falls short of its purpose. Nor is the point invalidated by the fact that wireless audiences may usually listen to, without taking part in, the singing—for hymns are intended to be sung. Yet the non-singing listener has perhaps more opportunity than the participant for meditating on the words of a hymn as it is sung. Here, it may be suggested, is an additional use for this new publication. It may serve both as a hymn book, and on occasions as an aid to private devotion.

* Oxford University Press. Price 12s. 6d. (Words Edition, 6s.)

What They Are Saying

Moscow radio on the 'Americanisation of Italy'

THE WESTERN POWERS' PROPOSALS for a revision of the Italian Peace Treaty have met with the expected hostile reception at the hands of the Soviet radio. One Moscow commentator, surveying what he described as the economic resistance of the west to 'American imperialism', remarked that the purpose of the 'annulment' of the treaty was to lift the military restrictions contained in it and thus:

achieve the swift remilitarisation of Italy. In other words, after having decided officially to revive a West German revanchiste army, the United States and British bloc is now taking steps to resurrect an Italian aggressors' army in its former strength.

Another commentator asserted that the object of the proposed revision was to secure a supply of cannon fodder for the aggressive war projected by the United States. The Italian army of today, said the speaker, was Italian in name only. It was, in fact, a small fraction of the 'American war machine' and was under American command. This commentator ended by stating that the revision of the treaty was desired only by those who wished to draw Italy into a new imperialist war. And linking this up with the 'Americanisation' of Italy, another Moscow commentator had this to say:

If one does not want to die for the sake of the dollar, one is a coward. This applies to all European peoples, including the Italians who are under Eisenhower's command.

The result of the Australian referendum, which resulted in a verdict against the outlawing of the Communist Party in that country, was hailed as a victory for the 'progressive' forces of the world by the Soviet and satellite radio. A speaker at Moscow radio said:

In assessing this event the progressive press of Australia is unanimous in saying that the results of the referendum have dealt a severe blow to the plans of the Australian rulers, whose aim it is to subordinate the country to the American imperialists. By casting their votes millions of Australians have proved that they are against their Government's aggressive policy, against the participation of Australian forces in the Korean war, against intensification of the armaments race and against increased prices and taxation.

The east European radio reacted quickly to the reply given by Dr. Adenauer to the East German Prime Minister's proposals for elections throughout Germany. Moscow radio broadcast a Tass report which spoke of Adenauer's hostile attitude to the proposals, and commented:

Adenauer put forward fourteen conditions under which the Federal government would carry out 'free all-German elections'. At the end of his speech, he attempted to represent in slanderous light the situation in the East German Republic.

In eastern Germany, the newspapers joined in labelling Dr. Adenauer's conditions as 'evasive' and one, the *Tagliche Rundschau*, went so far as to call them irresponsible. In West Germany, many newspapers are favourable to the attitude taken by Dr. Adenauer. The *Hamburger Echo*, a Social Democratic paper, commented:

The Parliament of the Federal Republic has spoken. It has not raised claims but proclaimed principles which are observed in democratic States as a matter of course. Now it is for Moscow to speak.

The Soviet Union and its satellites continue to take a keen interest in the impending British General Election, and to comment on it. One commentator in Moscow produced the following explanation for holding the election in October:

To overcome difficulties which are forced on the British people by the United States warmongers, Britain needs bold decisions and unpopular economic measures, and with dissatisfaction growing among the masses over the arms drive and submission to the United States, these measures can be carried out, in Washington's opinion, only by a Government which will take a strong line and not a Government which, like the present one, plays with socialism and democracy. The Labour henchmen of Washington reckon that elections will make it possible for a new Government to set up a police regime in Britain after the United States model, a regime which would permit the unhindered implementation of plans for a new world war.

Home broadcasts in Hungary and Rumania also insisted that 'the B.B.C. had prevented representatives of the British Communist Party from addressing the electorate by radio' and that Mr. Attlee's purpose in going to the country forthwith was to get a verdict, 'before the heavy decisions taken at the Ottawa Conference for the speeding up of the arms drive could make their effects felt'.

The Closing of the Festival of Britain

Broadcast given by THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY on September 30

HIS MAJESTY THE KING was to have spoken to you tonight and then to have declared the Festival closed. No one can take his place. He speaks for all and to all with an authority which is his alone. His absence tonight makes us realise more than ever how not only by his office but by his own personal qualities, he expresses our unity as a nation and voices for us all that is best and truest in the national character and purpose. He holds not only our loyal duty but our deep respect and affection. The heartfelt prayers of his people have been and are surrounding him in his illness and the members of his family in the strain of their anxiety. We are thankful for the steady progress made, and we pray that he may be restored again to full health. Without him, there can be no formal closing of the Festival: but I am asked to make a few simple observations about it before the final programme of the Festival from the South Bank begins.

I think the Festival has been a good thing for all of us and has brought encouragement just when it was needed: and in saying that I am thinking not only of the Festival in London but also and perhaps even more of local Festivals up and down the country. It really has been nation-wide. Well over 2,000 cities, towns and villages organised celebrations on their own initiative and out of their own resources through the enterprise of local authorities and voluntary organisations and of countless individual citizens. It has been a real family party and I am glad to know that almost everywhere the Church has helped to make it so.

I am sure that the Festival has done a lot for our good name. It has brought a great number of visitors from overseas who have admired our spirit; it has won prestige outside our shores for the work of British manufacturers and designers and craftsmen, and the praise they have received has put them all into 'a good conceit' with themselves, with the keenness to do even better which encouragement always brings. In many places things will remain of permanent value, such as new buildings, new art centres, new gardens and playing-fields: new music, drama, painting are all enrichments of our social life and a legacy to

future generations. And after the inevitable drabness in and after the war, every bit of brightening up of the family home is good. Personally I think it would be well worth the fuel to continue the floodlighting of some of our beautiful buildings at least once or twice a week, rather than leave it all to the advertisement signs. I have just seen the contrast between Trafalgar Square, with the floodlit National Gallery, and Piccadilly Circus.

But beside the outward benefits, there are the inward renewals of spirit. In London and the country there was the family feeling of doing things together: even the spectators felt that this was their show and felt a pride in its going well. In many places great pages of our national and local history were recalled and re-enacted in plays and pageants and exhibitions. We have a past rich in all kinds of good things and from it we draw a great deal of our enduring strength and the quality of the British tradition. But the Festival also set the standard by which we should face the future. The Festival, like the Dome of Discovery itself, was marked by imagination and ingenuity; by its fearless gaze both into the vastness of space and into the minute details of every art and science; it was marked by a pride in what Britain has achieved in things spiritual, cultural, scientific, social and industrial; by a sense of what honest work and co-operation can do. I remember seeing a woman at the South Bank Exhibition handpainting china, and nearby a man demonstrating a mining machine; crowds were admiring, and that man and that woman must have realised that their job was not just a job but a skill which was appreciated and a contribution to the well-being of community and nation. That is a truth we all need to apply to our work.

So we move on now to our next tasks refreshed, I hope, and replenished; renewed by the grace of God (for we need this grace) to work together, to put our best into our work, and to be happy in it as a family at unity in itself. For so to live together in duty to God and neighbour is the only way to keep this beloved country socially, economically, morally and spiritually, a 'green and pleasant land'.

—Home, Light, and General Overseas Services

Did You Hear That?

BEFORE THE EVACUATION OF ABADAN

SPEAKING IN THE HOME SERVICE recently, DOUGLAS WILLIS described from the spot how the 375 British oil technicians in Abadan were carrying on their daily affairs when the order to leave was received.

'The present situation', he said, 'has engendered much the same sort of comradeship that we knew in the Services during the war. Everybody knows everybody else by his first name, and every house is an open house. The people who were living on the outskirts of the British residential area have moved into the centre, largely because they felt lonely. One friend of mine had six streets of houses to himself. Now he can climb through the hedge on either side of his new house and join his friends on the lawn for a drink and a chat.'

'The main roads are more deserted than ever. There is one round-about, known locally as Piccadilly Circus, where when I first arrived in Abadan the lorries and the buses, the taxis and the cars, swooped and roared with an abandon which froze the most hardened pedestrian in his tracks. Now we often stand and hold conversations in the same spot where we used to run for our lives. I stood there yesterday evening and watched a Persian boy cyclist, who was singing a song, ride away without using his hands, so that he zig-zagged from one side of the road to the other until the sound of his voice faded and he disappeared into the distance of the long, straight road.'

'Although most of the houses are now empty and shuttered, the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company is continuing to keep the gardens and the hedges in good order. It has taken twenty years and more to get the grass to grow on the sandy salty soil, and it would vanish again in no

time at all in the blistering heat, for the temperature is still averaging one hundred and sixteen in the shade. The Company spends £100,000 a year keeping the gardens and the hedges tidy and watered. And it is a cheerful sight to see the gardeners, who operate in groups of twenty like benevolent locusts, busy with their clippers, their spades and their wheelbarrows. Shopkeepers here are feeling the pinch badly. The British no longer go to the main shopping centre in the bazaar, and the shops owned by the Company have used up most of their stocks of clothes and shoes'.

CHALMERS OF CHALMERS STREET

'There are two Chalmers Streets', said A. J. CAMPBELL in a North American Service broadcast, 'one in the quiet little fishing village of Ardrishaig on the shores of Loch Fyne—famous Loch Fyne of the silver herring; the other in the little village of Daru on the island of the same name off the southern shore of the large tropical island of New Guinea. Two Chalmers Streets, but one Chalmers. Who was he, and how does he link the two streets? There is a simple monument—a column of polished granite—on a little headland in the Argyllshire village. Its unveiling is one of my earliest memories. Very briefly, very simply, that monument gives the answer: "Erected to the memory of the Rev. James Chalmers, missionary: born at Ardrishaig, August 4, 1841; killed in New Guinea, April 8, 1901".'

'In his teens, Chalmers, living outside Inveraray, near the head of Loch Fyne, made the momentous decision that he would be a

missionary. That meant leaving the quietness of the lochside and the peace of the glen for the crowded, busy streets of Glasgow, and later for a training centre near London, there to battle (the word is his own) with theological studies. Then, eager to get to his chosen work and with the years of preparation behind him, he set sail for his appointed sphere of labour in the South Seas. It was in January of that year that Chalmers, with his newly wed wife, embarked at London, but it was not until May, 1867, sixteen months later, that he landed at his scheduled destination, the island of Rarotonga. The missionary ship *John Williams* finally foundered on a reef off Niue Island, and James Chalmers helped to row ashore (for he was not the man to stand idly by when help was needed), dressed only in a shirt, a pair of trousers, a pair of socks (but no boots), his only other possession a watch which had been given him as a parting gift by the poor people he had befriended in the High Street of Glasgow. Thus marooned on Niue, Chalmers and his wife eventually found passage on a trading schooner, bound for Samoa, which was hardly on the direct route from Niue to Rarotonga. The next stage, from Samoa, was perhaps the most amazing in this strange missionary progress. The only transport available there was a brig, whose master was willing to take them to Rarotonga—a brig, nominally a trader, but in actual fact a pirate ship, on which, during this last lap of the journey, Chalmers regularly conducted a morning and evening service, with the pirate crew attending as congregation and singing psalms—by captain's orders.

And so, in the sixteenth month, to Rarotonga; and in the very moment of landing Chalmers received the name which is remembered in these islands of the Pacific to this day. As he was being carried ashore on the shoulders of a tall Rarotongan, he was asked his name. But the word Chalmers was too much for his bearer, who nevertheless made a brave attempt to reproduce the sound. "Tamate!" he called out; and Tamate became James Chalmers' name; and, in like manner, Mrs. Chalmers was called Tamate Vaine.

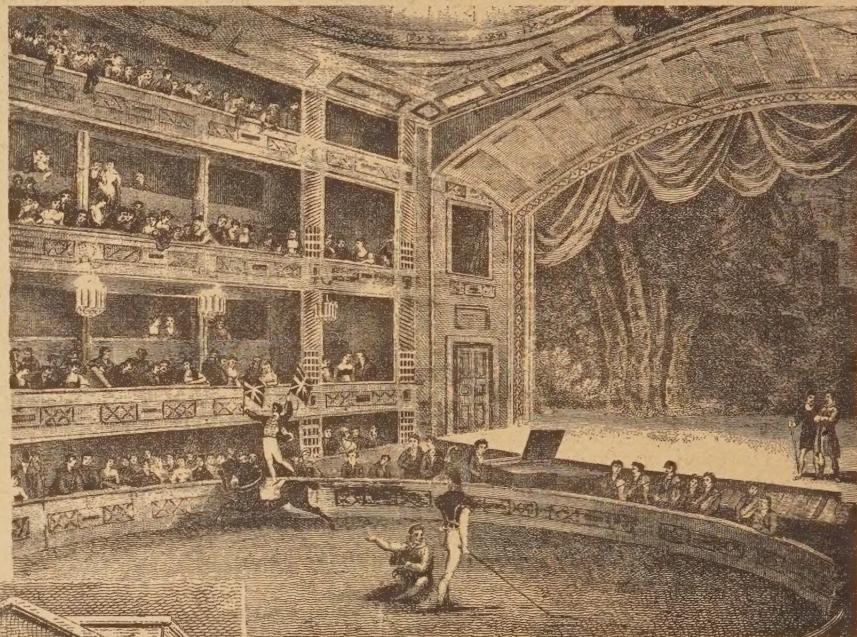
"Tamate spent ten years in Rarotonga, but it is as 'Chalmers of New Guinea'" that he is remembered in the land of his adoption as well as in the land that gave him birth. Not that he was the first white missionary to the island. There were those who had been there before him. There have been many who have followed after him. But he remains "Chalmers of New Guinea". One of his first actions on landing there was to visit the graves of some of his own Rarotongan trainees, to pay tribute to their memory, and to accept the challenge of their death. And right nobly did he face up to the challenge. His years of indefatigable service on the island, and the manner of his death which brought that service to an end—these surely entitle him to the proud title of "Chalmers of New Guinea".

'Of his many adventures during these years in New Guinea it is not possible to make a selection. Perhaps the best way to describe his life is to repeat the words of the Apostle Paul, thinking the while in terms of New Guinea: "In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea; in weariness and painfulness, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. . . ." Certainly he was continually in perils of waters, but his father's prediction from his childhood days on Loch Fyne held true and he passed

through the many waters unhurt. Amongst the cannibals his life often hung by a thread, until, in the end, on that April day of 1901, even that thread was snapped'.

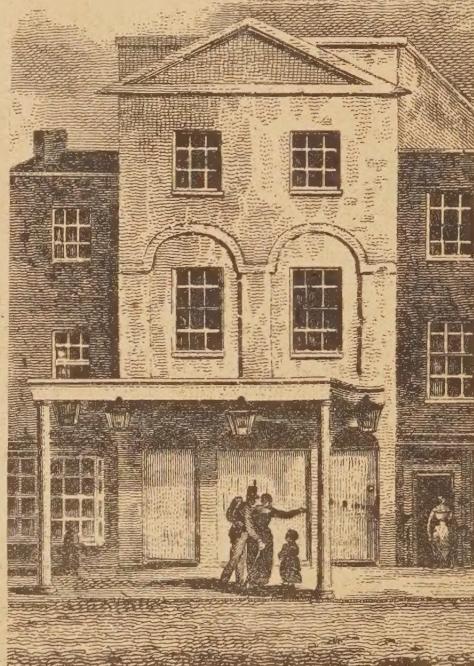
THE CIRCUS THAT DICKENS PRAISED

A plaque was recently unveiled in London at the site of the first modern circus to be held not only in London but anywhere. The site was known in 1770 as Astley's Amphitheatre. 'The circus really started', HIPPISLEY COXE explained in 'The Eye-witness', 'when Philip Astley, a retired sergeant-major, galloped in a circle while standing upright on a horse's back. The acrobats, rope dancers, animal trainers, and clowns soon followed him into the ring that he had made, and the circus was born. Then Astley fenced his arena in and called it "Astley's



The arena of Astley's Amphitheatre and (left) the front of Astley's, as they were in 1815

R. Mander and J. Michenson collection



Amphitheatre". It was burned down four times, patronised by Queen Victoria, praised by Thackeray and Dickens, and loved by four generations. Dickens wrote: "Dear, dear, what a place it looked, that Astley's with all the paint, gilding and looking-glass, and the vague smell of horses, suggestive of coming wonders".

The circus of those early days was not really so very different from the circus of today. We still have rope dancers—though now we call them wire walkers—and we still have jugglers and animals and clowns. But there have been changes, and the greatest has been in the animal acts. Trainers have replaced tamers. As Frank Bostock, who was known as the animal king, once said: "Trainers are the product of science, tamers a forecast of the millennium". You can never really tame wild animals. The closer one lives to them, the more one understands them. The more there is mutual understanding, the less fear there is on both sides. Patience, understanding, and reward are the secrets.

Perhaps the other most spectacular event was the invention of the flying trapeze. That happened only 100 years or so ago. The man who originated it was a gymnast called Leotard, whose father kept a swimming-bath in Toulouse. One day he looked up at two cords which opened a skylight in the roof, and thought what fun it would be if he joined them together with a bar of wood. So he did, and hung on to it and launched himself out over the water. But when all is said and done, it is the trick-rider who is really the key to the performance. It was for him that the ring is made forty-two feet in diameter, which is a standard size in any big show. Because of that the circus is at home anywhere in the world'.

Fifth Anniversary of the Third Programme

By E. M. FORSTER

THE Third Programme could not exist apart from the Home Service and the Light Programme. It is inseparable from them, and that point must be made before attempting any eulogy of it. It is also supplementary to them. It came into existence last and is the youngest and maybe the trickiest cherub of the air. It does or should do the unexpected. It does what the other two programmes do not do, and if it does not do things it is because they already do them. It is exclusive and is meant to be exclusive for the reason that the important matters it excludes are dealt with elsewhere. Realisation of this would save many a critic of it from much bad temper.

The Aerial Trio

But do critics want to be saved from bad temper? Ah! This is a painful subject to which I may have to return. Meanwhile let us contemplate this aerial trio: Home, Light, Third.

The Home I always visualise as the Father of a Family, whose main interests are politics and sport, but he is very fair-minded, likes music, and is anxious that all his listeners should have something to enjoy, provided they are not criminals or cranks. The Light I visualise as an eternal debutante, always swinging down the dance, though this view of her is too simple: she too dabbles in politics and wrestles with sport; moreover she can handle the arts also, as in her excellent 'Music in Miniature'. Still on the whole she is the glad-girl. She is also the dominant partner. She commands a far larger public than the Home. How do I visualise the Third? Janus-faced, two faces, one of them gazing with tranquillity into the past, the other with ardour into the future. One of them reflects, the other explores. One of them is old perhaps and the other young, though of this age-division I am not sure. I only know that the Third is not directly concerned with the present, with passing fashion, passing events, passing hopes and fears. It does not give the News and it should avoid news-commentaries. It deals with the present, of course—everything must—but it tries to enrich the present rather than to describe it. It wants us to lead fuller lives through the past out of which the human race has come, and through the future into which it is going. The backward look at achievements, the forward look at possibilities: the double vision of Janus.

Talking about it to it ought to be an easy job. One addresses the converted, presumably. I speak to a Third Programme audience. Though do I? Is there such a thing? 'Audience' suggests a lecture room or a theatre, which it is impossible to enter or quit unobtrusively. My audience, if I have one, can arrive or depart unobserved, it can come in off other wavelengths or retreat to them or switch off altogether. One cannot generalise about it as one could about the audiences of the past, who were confined to a room or a theatre or a concert hall or a church. The extreme fluidity of broadcasting still puzzles me and sometimes paralyses. One person talks to a microphone, other people switch on or off. Addressing them is not such an easy job after all.

I do not intend to make lists of broadcasts which I have liked or have not liked, nor shall I refer to any particular broadcast. There seems no propriety in doing this when the occasion is an anniversary talk. The Third has been going for five years now, its place in British broadcasting and indeed in world broadcasting has become evident. It has made enemies and friends, and counting myself as a friend, I want to say why on general grounds I think it so important. I have already said that it tries to enrich the present rather than to describe it. It is concerned on the whole with things that are not immediately useful—with art, literature, and music, with philosophic speculation and non-practical religion and unapplied science. All these things may come in useful sometime; they may pay, and I believe some of them will, but there is a latent paradox: if we pursue them because they are going to pay, we never catch them, we never possess them, they elude us like the gold at the bottom of the rainbow, which while we are pursuing, the rainbow itself vanishes, and we lose its beauty. To enjoy and to understand the world—that is what the Third has, for the last five years, been helping us to do. Other agencies have helped, of course—but by reason of its backing by a powerful Corpora-

tion, it is outstandingly important. Everyone understands and enjoys the world a little; it is a natural tendency in us, but other tendencies combine to check it. We need outside help, reassurance, sign-posts, reminders, and broadcasting, or one side of it, has done this. It has helped something living in us to keep alive. It has reminded us, in its graver moments, that life will not last and that for this very reason there are things more important than success or power. To put it in another way, the Third has been educational.

As soon as one mentions the word education, the experts enter, and I know that those who are responsible for the Third, and more particularly for its talks, have thought a good deal about its educational side. To what extent should it specialise? Should it instruct or stimulate or both? What is its relation to our numerous universities, to the W.E.A., study groups, etc? Problems such as these. Without entering into them, I venture to assert that Third Programme talks should not be too easy, they should not spoon feed, they should require us to make an effort. Spoon feeding in the long run teaches us nothing but the shape of the spoon. The contents come to taste all alike, jam and powder is just the same, and we cannot understand the world or even enjoy it as soon as this deplorable monotony has been established. Effort, and the will to experience and experiment, must come in; above all the individual must learn that it is his own job to occupy his heritage. Scientific gadgets like broadcasting cannot do it for him. The kind clever people inside Broadcasting House cannot do it for him. He is alone and always will be—a creature to be helped and reassured, but not to be superseded. On its educational side the Third appreciates this. Janus-like, gazing this way at the past, and that way at the future, it appreciates the limitations of broadcasting better perhaps than do its less introspective colleagues, the Home and the Light. That broadcasting should realise how little broadcasting can do is very important. It must not be beguiled by its engineers.

It is always helpful to see our problems from a distance, and I should like to quote at this point an address of Signor Alberto Mantelli. He is the President of the Italian broadcasting and he here inaugurates the Italian Third Programme—*il Terzo Programma*—for our Third Programme is, I am glad to say, not unique, though it can claim to have been a pioneer. Signor Mantelli speaks of the need of differentiation: the undifferentiated programme, which tries to please everyone, is indeterminate in its impact. He finds, as had previous researchers, that three programmes at present respond best to the need of a contemporary society. And he goes on to discuss the problems of culture and adult education with which a Third is particularly concerned.

Culture, as understood by the Third Programme, goes beyond what might be called humanist culture, and includes the statement and treatment of the multitudinous problems which touch contemporary man so closely. Even when these problems seem fairly straightforward there is always some aspect in which the practical motif crosses with the idealistic and has a human value which puts it on the level of spiritual interests, from which the Third Programme cannot be separated except at the cost of an isolation from life.

Enriching the Present

Believing as I do that it is the job of a Third Programme to enrich the present rather than to describe it, I do not agree with Signor Mantelli entirely. He opens the door too easily to 'actualities' and reportage. Let us have such things but not here. I would prefer to keep to the humanist culture he finds too narrow. But how well he indicates the complexity, the spiritual criss-cross, and how I agree with him when he says further on that erudition is not culture, only one of its instruments! Let the Third be difficult. Let it even dare to be dry. But do not let it be undigested or indigestible.

The *Terzo Programma* of Italy is as far as I know our only parallel. This is regrettable, but not surprising, considering the state of the world. A Third would be out of place in a Totalitarian State. Nor, on the other hand, is it compatible with commercial broadcasting. We have reason to be proud of our achievement. Some would even main-

tain it has upheld our prestige abroad. I doubt this. I care too much for art and literature and thought to get interested in the prestige they convey, and I believe that most listeners whether at home or abroad care for them for their own sakes, and that this is the only way to care for them. It is anyhow absurd to suppose that our efforts on the Third or elsewhere influence world-opinion, for the sad and simple reason that world-opinion no longer exists. Politicians still invoke it at times, but it is a bubble which burst soon after the first world war. More solid if less spectacular is the praise of the Third sometimes voiced by individuals. An Australian student, new to this side of the globe, says that nothing, not even the architecture, has impressed him like the Third. Two Canadian students tune in night after night, very critical, but they listen. A friend from the country calls it 'one of the finest instruments for extra-mural activity ever invented', gaily adding: 'If people don't listen, that's no reason for feeling you are wrong. The majority is always in the wrong. (Who said that?)' These scraps from my own experience may indicate how lively, if sporadic, is the Third's appeal.

Unjustifiable on a Quantitative Basis

Sporadic. This leads on to an important point. It is impossible to justify the Third on a quantitative basis. Most listeners are not interested in it, and why should they be? It does not offer what they want. They are not hostile—except when popular journalists work them up. But they are indifferent, and reasonably so. Last year I was talking to an East Anglian fisherman, a middle-aged man, and we got on to the subject of music. I said I liked it. He replied: 'I can sum music up for you in one word: No good'. He spoke without any bitterness. He was just giving his opinion good-temperedly and firmly, as opinions ought to be given. But that one word 'No good' summed up music for him and Third Programme stuff generally, and it sums them up for many other decent and intelligent people, and for most people. I believe that the Third Programme audience will increase, partly because of better transmission, partly because more and more listeners will experiment and be interested and pleased. But unless the structure of our society is transformed, it will always be a minority programme. It cannot be defended quantitatively. To the vast majority it must always remain 'No good', and this must be faced by its admirers.

Facing it, I always get rather worried when the ingenious organisation known as Audience Research—Listener Research it used to be called—turns its attention on to the Third. Audience Research may be able to show how many people listen to any given item, but it only deals with numbers, it cannot register *how* people listen. To switch on is enough. Now when people switch on to the Third, it is probable that they attend: they do not use it to talk against in a pub or as background music for the vacuum cleaner. They are listening properly, but their attention, their intelligent concentration, their varied reactions, do not and cannot get on to the graph. The other day I encountered an Audience Researcher myself—a rather sad-faced young lady, dressed in spinach green. She explained her mission, and asked very courteously whether I had listened in yesterday. I had to say 'No'. She said, 'Did you listen to the News? That would count'. I had to say 'No'. She said 'Oh dear!' I then said, rather pertly, 'Do you wish I had listened in?' She drew herself up at that and said 'Oh no, certainly not, not at all. One keeps strictly to the facts'. She passed on in search of more facts, but the facts she found could have nothing to do with quality, and the Third can only be justified by quality—the quality of what it provides, the quality of the reactions to it. Quality is everywhere imperilled in contemporary life. Those who value it, as I do, are in a vulnerable position. We form as it were an aristocracy in the midst of a democracy, yet we belong and desire to belong to the democracy. Such conflicting loyalties cannot always be reconciled. They can be in British broadcasting more easily than elsewhere, for the reasons that there are three programmes: Home, Light and Third.

Returning to Audience Research, I note that Mr. Harold Nicolson shared my anxieties about it when, in 1948, he broadcast on the second anniversary of the Third as I do on its fifth anniversary:

The Chairman, the Governors, the Director-General, the Board of Management, the planners, the controllers, the producers, and even the announcers of the B.B.C. will all assure you—and in perfect sincerity—that they never for one moment allow Listener Research to affect their policy or judgment. That is not true. Imperceptibly, this temperature chart seeps into their subconscious and influences their morale.

I have myself seen examples of this 'seeping', as Mr. Nicolson calls it. On one occasion someone who was connected with the B.B.C.

asked me whether the continuance of the Third could be justified in view of the smallness of its audience. I said it was justified. He then asked me whether it ought to go on if the audiences became even smaller. I said it ought still to go on—for the reasons I have just been giving you. Perhaps his questions were what is termed routine, but they disquieted me, nor (though this is a smaller matter) have I liked certain signs of popularisation which at one time appeared. I remember some concerts of light music: excellent in themselves, but the Third was not the place for them—they ought to have gone on the Home or the Light. Audience Research may have its value, but it is deplorable should it result in discrediting the Third, or in watering it down. To quote Mr. Nicolson again: 'The rulers of the B.B.C. must not allow themselves for one moment to become even subconsciously influenced by this marking system'. As far as I know, the rulers in question stand firm. They believe in the Third and will uphold it. Good. Still, eternal vigilance is the price of culture and it is as well to be watchful.

'That is all very well', you may say, 'but there is another price we are asked to pay—the price of our licences. What about that pound? Why should so much of it go on what we don't want?' So much of it? The relatively small cost of the Third should be remembered in connection with this complaint. It costs about 1s. 4d. out of every £1 licence. The cost for last year was £828,000. For a public service it is grotesquely small. When looking at it, I think of another figure which happened to catch my eye in *The Times*—a figure which represented complete waste. The War Office (stated an official report) had spent £1,777,000 on a storage-depot in East Africa, abandoned it, and did not intend to use it again. £1,777,000—that is to say nearly £1,000,000 more than the annual cost of the Third, all thrown away in East Africa, and yet as far as I know there has been no public comment, no one batted an eyelid. The charge of extravagance and of unnecessary expenditure is reserved for our modest—our very modest—cultural efforts, in the Third, in the Arts Council, and elsewhere. They are sniped at, they are fair game. We are told that we cannot afford them and that in the national interest they should be curtailed. Whatever the inner history of that East African storage-depot may have been, it is very significant as a symbol. It is worth remembering.

The Professional Carper

Most criticism of the Third comes from humorous or sarcastic columns in the daily press. They are often clever, but are inspired by what might be called conscientious bad-temper. The writer feels it is his duty to be irritated, perhaps is even employed to be so. I do not mean that the picking to pieces in which he indulges is morally wrong. Indeed I believe that all truths, whether religious or scientific or aesthetic, ought to be picked to pieces at times in a serious way. It is a human duty. But I do dislike the idle brilliance of the professional carper, who picks to pieces out of habit. It cannot be answered, because it keeps slipping underground. Here is an example—not, to be sure, a brilliant one. The critic said that the only items in the Third which were of interest to the ordinary man were the talks and the operas, and then held up for special censure an evening which included a complete performance of the 'Meistersinger'. By the time he concluded his attack he had forgotten how it started. In the early days of the Third, niggling denigration of this sort must have been a worry. It is less important today. The Third stands strong through its own record, its integrity, and the support of the Higher Broadcasting Command. It cannot stand on the results of Audience Research, and I hope it will never attempt to do so, or to point out that its public is after all not as small as might have been expected. *Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis*, if I may quote an obsolete language with a discredited accent.

My eulogy, if that is the right name for it, now nears its close. Some listeners may feel that I have been too little laudatory, and that this was an occasion for celebrating the specific achievements of the last five years. I was anxious, though, not to view the Third as an isolated project, but in relation to broadcasting in general, and to a still wider problem: the problem of value, the problem of maintaining and extending aristocracy in the midst of democracy. It is a terrific problem, with which the modern world has scarcely coped. Anxious, when it is not killing people, to feed and house them properly, it has assumed that values will look after themselves, or that what 'the people' want will be *ipso facto* culture. It ignores the pioneer, the exceptional, the disinterested scientist, the meditative thinker, the difficult artist, or it contemptuously dismisses them as 'superior'. One trusts that they are superior. They are certainly the types who have helped the human race

out of the darkness in the past. And if they vanish now, if they dissolve into the modern world's universal grey, what is to happen to the human race in the future? Into what final darkness will it disappear?

The Third Programme grapples with this question, I think. It was easy enough for Louis XIV, for instance, to grapple with it. Louis XIV could support the plays of Racine in Paris, while down on the coast people like my East Anglian fisherman were starving. The social conscience has changed all that. And British broadcasting is trying to

do what must be done if we are to carry on adequately: to promote incompatibles; aristocracy in the midst of democracy; and has devoted a small part of its resources to the establishment of the Third. Perhaps one day everyone will want to listen to Racine. I do not think so, and I do not at the bottom of my heart hope so. I do not take to the idea of civilisation being too tidy. Racine and music and so on delight and sustain me, I could not bear up without them, and yet I like hearing that one word 'No good'.—*Third Programme*

The Place of the Third Programme

By HARMAN GRIEWOOD, Controller of the Third Programme

BIRTHDAY greetings do not usually take the form of congratulations at having survived—not directly, that is—and certainly not for five-year-olds. Yet in the case of the Third Programme it is, I believe, this sheer fact of survival which principally entitles it to anniversary celebrations. Five years are long enough for the Third Programme to have died a natural death if it were not wanted. And there are those who have shouted for it to die; but their clamour is usually met with sharp indignation by those who enjoy the programme—those who feel that its end would simply make it impossible for them to experience a great deal they find to be valuable. So the debate continues. But, more and more, the Third Programme does seem to be an established institution; it now seems to be taken as such even by those who do not make use of it. But this debate of pros and cons is valuable. Indeed, I sometimes think that if the opposition to the Third Programme dried up altogether, it might be my duty, in the interests of the Programme, to put some sharp attacks upon it into circulation. Most of us for most of the time need 'the enemy'. It seems to me, too, that the natural atmosphere for its material is one of discussion, even of controversy, since it is the means of introducing to many what is often new and difficult and undecided. So the debate itself helps to determine the place of the Third Programme in broadcasting and in the society that broadcasting serves.

It is the third of the domestic services in that it ranks after the other two both in time and in its obligations. It was established in September, 1946, when the Home Service and the Light Programme together had been on the air for more than a year; and, as for its obligations, it relies for its special freedom upon the fact that many of the essential duties of the B.B.C. are already carried out by the other two services. The Third Programme need not aim at being a complete radio service. It has no news bulletins, no fixed points, and no obligation to the sort of special audience to which, for example, the schools broadcasts or the farming talks are directed.

A principal reason for freeing the Third Programme from the duties imposed upon a complete radio service was that it should be able to broadcast the large-scale musical and dramatic masterpieces that take longer to perform than a fixed radio schedule will allow. Our Festival performance of 'Hamlet', for example, with John Gielgud in the title part, took three hours twenty-five minutes to perform. There is no free space in a complete radio service for a work of this length; and the fact is that many great works are very long. For example, last year the Third Programme—on two occasions—broadcast the four operas of Wagner's cycle 'The Ring'. This was the first time in B.B.C. history on which listeners had been able to hear this work in its entirety.

But it is a mistake to think of the Third Programme as principally devoted to such monumental works as these. There is a good deal else that can rarely be admitted to the other two programmes not on account of length but because this material would not be interesting to more than a small part of the audience. Is this sort of thing worth while at all on the air? No one I fancy would disagree that Gielgud in 'Hamlet' was worth while, or a translation of Vergil's *Aeneid*, but it is another matter when you come to a learned address on Greek literature, a discussion about the concept of liberty, or new departures in mathematics. Few would deny that such interests as these have their place in the world at large, but that in itself does not make the case for the Third Programme. These activities continued and flourished long before the Third Programme was in being. What is the value of representing this sort of minority work in radio? Some people argue that for a layman to say

that he understands and enjoys these specialisations is surely an affectation—the affectation of the typical highbrow.

The word highbrow is an interesting one. I think no exact translation exists in any other language. This may show there is no need for the word elsewhere. The English are often said to show a certain distrust for the activities of the mind. We seem, characteristically, to be interested in results and usefulness. Is this an outsider's view? Not entirely. Bernard Shaw referred to this with Celtic gusto as the typically English 'hatred of the intellect'. But Matthew Arnold expressed much the same thought in giving currency to the term philistine. I believe this suspicion is part of the libertarian spirit of England which has always detested cliques, unless they have a practical and popular purpose. The notion of a highbrow is of one who belongs to a small group and who manufactures for it a superior position by claiming that it has a mysterious knowledge and ability which cannot be shared by others. It suggests a kind of exclusiveness. Now however strongly we dislike the highbrows we hesitate before using the word about the whole world of learning itself. We exempt at once the scientists: these cannot be highbrows because they produce machines of convenience for us. We do not have the same regard for the historian or the editor of scholarly texts, yet he is tolerated: publishers publish his works, public libraries buy and lend them; he is not what we mean by highbrow. In fact, I believe a real highbrow is usually a person we have heard about and have not met.

As a bogey the highbrow is wholesome. But when people write of the Third Programme as 'by highbrows for highbrows' I really feel that some cultural umpire should intervene. The description does indeed suggest a horrible picture, and one that would be horribly disquieting—if only the Third Programme were in fact like the picture—full of tinkling music from the past, cacophonies of the present, and in between whilsts professors murmuring inaudibly upon unimportant subjects. If this was the Third Programme it deserves all the English dislike of highbrowism and coterie.

But, in fact, its real world is the whole range of genuine artistic endeavour and the world of serious study; it is as wide as that. The Third Programme has, of course, no monopoly claim upon this wide range, nor upon any part of it. The programme territory is not partitioned among the three services; their junction points overlap. No one should lose sight of this fact: that the Third Programme does not consist entirely of material that, for one reason or another, cannot be accommodated in the others. Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* or the talks of Mr. Fred Hoyle seemed, I am sure, as appropriate to the Home Service audience as they did to listeners who heard them in their original Third Programme setting, and the Third Programme audience each Thursday enjoys a symphony concert which is substantially the same as that heard by the Home Service listeners the previous evening. This easy transference of material from one service to another is an essential part of the B.B.C.'s programme structure; it is the safeguard upon the Third Programme that should prevent—and I believe does—its withdrawal into a private world of its own. This conception was described to listeners by the B.B.C.'s Director-General on the opening night of the Third Programme. He said: 'Fears have been expressed that the coming of the Third Programme will mean the segregation of all cultural material within it and the elimination of much that is worth while from the existing services. That is not our intention. The three programmes will not be rigidly stratified. Rather they will shade into each other'.

And in fact the Third Programme, in the past five years, has not proved simply an aesthetic or intellectual annexe to the main body of

broadcasting. The Third Programme's design centres on the great classical repertory of literature and music. It does not construct a pattern of its own at the circumference of the circle. But still it may be objected that these activities, however central in our tradition and well established, in fact can interest only a few and that these few are well enough provided for already. What do you mean by a few? What is a small number? Some weeks ago we broadcast a series of the *Dialogues* of Plato. These programmes and their repeats were heard by about 200,000 people in all. Is that a small number? It is indeed a small number by comparison with the much larger numbers who listen to the nine o'clock News or the popular Variety programmes, but it is a very large number by comparison with those who formerly enjoyed reading Plato. Five years ago there were not 200,000 people reaching out for the *Symposium* an hour before bedtime. Those who habitually enjoyed such relaxations were vastly fewer than those who enjoyed the programme and who had asked for its repeat. Seen in this light the Third Programme represents a huge extension of the number that could enjoy these good things. The lectures, the operas, the plays, the discussions, all these bring to very many people what was formerly enjoyed by the few. And the Third Programme is meant to be enjoyed.

But people still ask, does this conception of a Third Programme go too far in what should be provided for these tastes and needs? This brings us to our second question. Is there not enough already to provide for the tastes and needs of those who wish to give serious attention to serious things? There are the universities, the research centres, the Arts Council, and so on. Is the place of the Third Programme merely a further addition to these? Such resources and amenities seem to be increasing. Has the radio any distinctive role to play in this increase? Any place of its own? It has first of all those advantages of convenience and diffusion which broadcasting itself provides. About seventy-five per cent of the population can hear the Third Programme. But it has another advantage which is altogether singular.

The historian, G. M. Young, five years ago said that he sometimes feared our civilisation might perish on account of our failure to com-

municate. 'No one will understand what anyone else is saying', he wrote. The scientist might not be understood by the philosopher, the poet by the historian, the politician by the poet, the artist by the priest. This tendency is what some thinkers have called the danger of fragmentation. An agency therefore which presents our culture as intercommunicating may be of crucial importance. Here I think is the distinctive role of the Third Programme—its *place* in our community. It encourages, it promotes, an element of intercommunication, of exchange, in a society where specialisation tends to cut off from one another those who specialise, so that one branch of activity may not recognise the significance of what another is doing. To recognise the significance of what someone else is engaged in—concentrated upon—is often difficult. But the effort must be made. Without it not only would private life become intolerable but that wider life—our civilisation—would falter and fail. It would be the beginning of the end, would it not?

This intercommunication which we rather take for granted must go on at all levels. It is important for those who care very much for what they are doing as well as for those who couldn't care less. Our community—any community, surely—depends for a great deal upon the people who care very much. It is these, whose study and concentration bring us the discoveries and inventions, the great works of art, the clarification of ideas, and the maintenance in our changing world of the values we want to see maintained though cannot see how. It is for such as these that the Third Programme exists. These are the people who contribute to it, by listening as much as by appearing in the programmes. I would emphasise that. I mean the people who are prepared to make unusual efforts to understand better not only what they are trying to do themselves but what others are trying to do, too. It is a world of effort, of course, and that is why sometimes it is difficult. It is a world where everything matters very much, and that is why to some it seems formidable. So the *place* that is kept for it in broadcasting depends ultimately upon this: upon what room society itself will allow to the kind of effort and communication needed by those who take the greatest pains to understand.—*Home Service*

The Three Kings: a Legend

God opened his fingers wide
Where the seams of wilderness run
As a fruit reveals ripeness inside
To the heat of the sun.
O then what a marvel was done!
What greetings they cried,
Out there so far and so far
Three Kings and a Star!

Three kings called Kings on the Way,
A star called the star Above All,
A sultan to left and to right,
All travelled, O wonderful sight,
To a silent stall.

What presents they took with them,
These kings into Bethlehem!
Jingling each step they made
In soft velvet one rode a black jade
And that one who went on the right
O he was a golden knight,
And that one on the left of the crew
Emitted a smoke quite blue
With a swing and a swing
And a clattering
From a round silver thing
That rocked on its ring.
An odd laugh he laughed over each king
The star who is called Above All,
And ran quickly ahead
And stood at the stall,
And to Mary he said:

I bring you a band
From far away far,
Three kings of a foreign land;
Wizards they are.

Topaz and gold weigh them down,
Each heathen heat-burnished clown.
There's little to fear.
Twelve daughters all three have at home
But never an heir,
So for the ease of their throne,
For a sun in their blue midday,
It is your son
These kings would carry away.
Just do not believe
The things they say:
That your son is to be
So low in estate
As a sparkling pagan potentate.
Their journey's immense, you must calculate;
And travelling like shepherds mile on mile,
Why shouldn't it hap
That ripely their kingdom
Falls meanwhile
Into God knows whose lap?
And when each on his royal knees
Bends deep to you here
And warm as a western breeze
The ox snorts into his ear,
The fellows as much may be instead
Beggars as if they had no head.
So smile at them and let them see
What muddled men they all must be.
And child and mother,
Turn your eyes—
There, eastward, lies,
Out there on the far blue line,
The land each one has lost for you,
Smargdistan and Alabidine
And the Glens of Turquoise top.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON, after the German of RAINER MARIA RILKE

A Russian Ballerina in Florence

By JAMES MONAHAN

GALINA ULANOVA, the leading ballerina of the Bolshoi Theatre, came to Florence in June, with her partner, Yuri Kondratov, and with a party of Soviet musicians; they came at the invitation of the then Mayor, the communist Mario Fabiani, to take part in Florence's annual Music Festival. When Ulanova went about that city—or at least whenever I saw her do so—she seemed to have only a cold glance for her lovely surroundings, and the picture which she herself presented was of a small, un-elegant woman of almost middle-age, with pale, inconspicuous features and light brown hair. She was dressed with an unambitious, repetitive simplicity which was totally unlike the habit of any theatrical star of the west. Seen like that, this 'people's artist' of the U.S.S.R. and three times winner of the Stalin prize left a great deal to the imagination.

However, partly by good fortune and partly by the most shameless persistence, a charming and intelligent English lady and I managed to get an interview with Ulanova. This happened on the day before she gave her first performance in the Teatro Comunale. The questions which we asked in this interview—in French, by the way, through the interpreter—were almost all about ballet: what did Madame know about ballet in western Europe, and, particularly, in Britain; what, in her view, were the main tendencies in Soviet ballet; who were the chief influences nowadays in Soviet ballet;



Mme. Ulanova, with Emil Ghilels, the pianist; and (left) in 'The Dying Swan' at the Florence Festival

Photographs: Levi, Florence

supporters of these different schools

But if there was nothing remarkable about these expressions of taste and opinion, what was remarkable was the person who expressed them. As soon as conversation began, her frankly, somewhat dowdy, listless, cold, and passive air and her rather slumped posture in her chair immediately altered: her features became lively, expressive; her back became superbly straight; her hands became voluble—they were particularly fluent and beautiful hands—and her voice had a quite enchanting contralto tone and the kind of expressiveness which bespeaks considerable intelligence. This interview, in fact, seemed wholly promising—and that promise was fulfilled by her performance on the next night in the Teatro Comunale.

When Mario Fabiani had been in Moscow and had invited Ulanova to dance in Florence, it had been hoped that she would be accompanied by at least part of the Bolshoi Theatre *corps de ballet*. The Soviet authorities had refused this and had insisted, instead, that with Ulanova should go a group of musicians, each of whom would give solo performances, and that she herself would perform only with her partner and with a piano for accompaniment. Thus it was to a single piano and against a black backcloth that Ulanova and Kondratov danced; it was the sort of setting which would destroy the magic of almost any ballet dancer's performance. Ulanova proved an exception. However imprudent it may seem to judge on the evidence of a single performance under such conditions, I can say unhesitatingly that she is, on the whole, the finest ballet dancer whom I have seen—one, that is, unequalled by any dancer outside Russia. Incidentally, she is forty-four years old, and I am assured by a highly qualified observer who saw her dance in Florence and who used to see her often at the Bolshoi some years ago, that her standard was as high as ever. At the Bolshoi Ulanova performs only three times a month (whereas any western dancer during a season of ballet might appear that many times a week). That would not explain why Ulanova became so magnificent a dancer but it might help to explain why at forty-four the magnificence remains.



Her performance in the Teatro Comunale was in two distinct parts: in the first she danced (with Kondratov) two *pas de deux* from classical or neo-classical works which are familiar in western Europe. These were the *adagio* from 'Casse Noisette' Act III and the waltz *pas de deux* from 'Les Sylphides' (or 'Chopiniana' as they call it in Moscow). The first part also included 'The Dying Swan', Pavlova's famous *pas seul*. In the second part she danced three *pas de deux*, one from the Soviet ballet 'The Red Poppy', another set to a waltz by Rubinstein, and the third a setting of the passage entitled 'Chopin' from Schumann's 'Carnaval'. These three *pas de deux* are not known outside the Soviet Union—and, by the way, this version of 'Carnaval' had nothing whatever to do with Fokine's lovely choreography (the passage, you may remember for Chiarina) to the same music.

A Performance in the Grand Manner

In both parts Ulanova was superb, but only in the first was she assisted by the works chosen. 'Casse Noisette' began it: here two things were chiefly evident—that her style had a grandeur which belongs to no western dancer and that (as she herself had implied in the interview) she was no lover of virtuosity. In other words, the special and personal quality of this *adagio* lay in the relative restraint with which its essential virtuosity was treated; the basic technique was, of course, excellent (otherwise Ulanova could not have her eminence at the Bolshoi) but was much less conspicuous than the tastefulness and the musical sense of the interpretation. Besides that, it was a performance in the grand manner—about which I shall have more to say in a moment. The *pas de deux* from 'Les Sylphides' seemed to fit exactly the style for which Ulanova has chiefly gained her reputation in Russia: it was lyrical, fluent, and, again, very musical. As to 'The Dying Swan', I can make no comparison between Ulanova and Pavlova since I never saw Pavlova dance. Ulanova says she herself has slightly altered Fokine's original choreography. However that may be, she danced it with a kind of restrained but passionate expressiveness which, indeed, brought tears to the eyes of at least one of her audience. Here her dancing had a poignant quality which belongs only to Margot Fonteyn among western dancers; here, too, we were made most aware of the singular beauty of her movements of arm and hand—a beauty which had been foreshadowed in her conversational gestures of the day before.

The second part of her programme was interesting precisely because it was so horrid. Or perhaps horrid is too harsh a description for the extract from 'The Red Poppy'—the only item, incidentally, which was at all tinged with Soviet propaganda. In the course of this *pas de deux* Ulanova and Kondratov lovingly clasped a red poppy (the symbol of communist virtue in a wicked capitalist world) and, for the rest, the choreography was just commonplace. But the Rubinstein waltz and the extract from 'Carnaval' were eye-openers. In the first of them Ulanova was hurled about the stage by her singularly burly young partner; in the second she made great play with an immense white veil and was eventually carried off the stage on the husky shoulders of Kondratov, trailing this veil over her shoulders in a sort of reproduction of the Winged Victory. In both these items there was a considerable show of virtuosity not to say of acrobatics; in both the taste was vile and remarkably dated. They were something from the Isadora Duncan period—say about 1909.

Although on the strength of a single performance I am prepared to say that I have never seen a ballet dancer equal to Ulanova, it would be much more imprudent, on the same brief evidence, to express dogmatic views about the general state of ballet in the Soviet Union. But Ulanova's performance certainly did suggest some interesting lines of thought about that more general subject. Let me put them to you as tentatively as possible. It is true that the brief extracts or the short, complete works from the Soviet repertory which I saw in Florence are uncharacteristic—in the sense, at least, that ballet is never given in this 'concert form' at the Bolshoi but only by the principal dancers when they tour the provinces. Yet it can scarcely have been an accident that, for the first public performance of the chief Soviet star outside Russia, such curiously tasteless items as the Rubinstein and the Schumann should have been chosen. Surely it fits remarkably closely what we have often been told: that, as the revolution which Diaghileff and his collaborators achieved in ballet some forty years ago was exported from Russia almost as soon as it had begun there, so Soviet ballet has proceeded straight from the pre-Diaghileff Tsarist ballet—in other words, from just that stilted form of the art against which Diaghileff, Fokine, and the others rebelled. At any rate, the Rubinstein

waltz and the setting of 'Carnaval' which I saw in Florence are just what, in those circumstances, might have been expected. Again, we know that the classical ballets—'Swan Lake', 'The Sleeping Beauty', 'Giselle', and others—live on in the Soviet Union in all their Tsarist glory; indeed, their glory now seems enhanced. We know, too, that a few early Fokine works, 'Sylphides' and 'The Dying Swan' for instance, were in fact well enough known in Russia in the short period before Diaghileff took the Ballets Russes abroad for them to have joined the nineteenth-century classics as part of the traditional Russian repertory. Finally, we have the evidence of many witnesses who, however hazy they may usually be about the quality of Soviet ballets as such, have left no doubt about the quality of the Soviet dancers whom they have seen in Moscow or in Leningrad—such dancers, for instance, as Lepeschinska, or Struchova, or Plessitska, or the several others whose reputations rival, or almost rival, that of Ulanova herself.

If you add these pieces together they surely amount to an ironic but scarcely surprising picture. Does it not seem likely that the Soviet Union, having inherited the schools and the tradition of ballet-training from the Tsarist days, is able to produce far the best ballet dancers in the world, but that, at the same time, the artistic impulse of Soviet ballet is feeble—much more feeble, for instance, than that of ballet in Britain or even in the United States, where the standard of dancing may be comparatively low but where the effects of Diaghileff's revolution have been felt?

But to return to Ulanova: if I were to list her special qualities as a dancer I should mention first her lyricism, her sense of music (which seems comparable with that of our own wonderfully musical ballerina, Margot Fonteyn), and perhaps, most of all, her beautiful and expressive arms and hands. These seem to me to be her personal qualities, marking her as one in the line of Taglioni and Pavlova—the line of essentially romantic and lyrical dancers to which Margot Fonteyn also belongs. But to these qualities I must add the more impersonal one which I have mentioned before, that of the grand manner. This I call impersonal because Ulanova seems to share it with all the better dancers who have been trained in Russian schools, whether under Stalin or under the Tsars. It is precisely this grand manner which, in my view, is learnt in the Russian schools and nowhere else. It is not a matter of being able to perform exceptionally difficult steps, though that accomplishment is likely to belong to any dancer who is also possessed of the grand manner. The grand manner is, in a sense, at the opposite extreme: I would define it as the ability to give full significance to even the most trivial movement. The grand manner never allows a movement or a position to be perfunctory; and it is noticeable precisely in the beauty and the value given to the easy movements—it endows these with sudden majesty. And if, as is hoped, Ulanova accepts the invitation to come as a guest artist to Covent Garden sometime this winter, it will be this majestic quality of hers which will be most instructive to our young dancers.

Will Ulanova Come Here?

Will she come here? In Florence, during our interview with her, she said that in principle she would be glad to do so—but that, of course, the invitation must reach her through the 'correct channels'. That invitation has now been sent.

I wonder what Ulanova thought of her visit to Florence. She was there at an interesting time—for the Music Festival coincided with the municipal elections in which, by the way, Fabiani and the communist administration in Florence, the hosts of the Russian visitors, were put out of office. She told us that she was visiting assiduously the Florentine galleries and churches and, as she went about the lovely city, she must have been aware of the myriad conflicting posters decorating those ancient walls and of the almost incessant hubbub of political speeches which were being broadcast by loudspeakers from the Piazza della Signoria. I wonder, too—should she come to London—what impression our own cherished ballet of Sadler's Wells would make on her. I fear that for all except one of our dancers she would have scant respect. But in Moscow you cannot see a ballet like Frederick Ashton's enchanting 'Symphonic Variations'. This and some others among the Sadler's Wells ballets might win Ulanova's respect—and her astonishment.—*Third Programme*

The latest of Trollope's novels to be published in the Crown edition is *Phineas Redux* (Oxford, 2 vols. 30s.). R. W. Chapman has written a preface and the illustrations are by T. L. B. Huskinson. This follows the publication in a similar edition last July of *The Letters of Anthony Trollope* (Oxford, 30s.), edited by Bradford Allen Booth.

A New Name for Guesswork?

The second of two talks by ANTONY G. N. FLEW on the significance of parapsychology

IN my first talk* I mentioned the shift of interest among investigators of 'psychic' phenomena: the earlier psychical researchers did field work, sitting with mediums or hunting for ghosts; the modern parapsychologists do laboratory experiments on card-guessing and dice-throwing. I described the sort of work done and results claimed, and began the job of removing some of the philosophical perplexity and metaphysical sensationalism which surrounds the subject. The first step towards clarity is to give up the Mind-terminology: it is the persistent use of beguiling Mind-over-Matter and Body-and-Mind idioms, the logic of which he misconstrues, which misleads Professor Rhine into thinking that card-guessing and dice-influencing experiments could give, and even do give, conclusive proof of some species of metaphysical dualism.

'Supposed Implications'

From this many of the supposed implications of the work derive. For Rhine believes that 'Freedom, morality, democracy, and a long list of values are . . . tied in some way to our conception of man's relation to matter'; and so he can ask 'Is it not a fact that until [western society] utilises the findings of parapsychology it has little with which to attack the materialistic state philosophy of the U.S.S.R.?' He goes on to hope that 'A more lively realisation of this . . . should give our studies an importance . . . [that will] bring generously to their aid all the assistance they have so long needed.'

Myself, I should still have something to say against the world outlook and ethics of Stalinism even if in the end all the psi-phenomena turned out to be bogus. But I do not want to discuss the possible contribution of parapsychology to the cold war; nor any of the other supposed ideological implications of that metaphysical dualism which the research has been thought to support. For I have already argued that the idea that it does support such a dualism is mistaken. The mistake is suggested by certain idioms: it can be avoided if we talk, soberly, of what people can do, rather than, gaudily, of the mind and its powers. But there are many other far more difficult puzzles. I want to discuss some alleged implications of precognition, and then to go on to say something about explanatory models for ESP (extra-sensory perception).

The solemn new word 'precognitive' is used to describe those guesses which turn out to have been right. Sometimes it is used more narrowly only of the hits scored by people known or believed to have ESP capacity. It is a most unsuitable term, which implies—quite wrongly—that we are dealing with a species of knowledge. This is precisely not the case. For to say that someone knows that something is true is to say not merely that he believes it and is as a matter of fact right; but it is also to say that he has sufficient reasons for his belief. Whereas in the ESP experiments, if ever a subject has or could have reasons to know the value of the card which is the target of his guess—if he were able even unconsciously to pick up sensory clues as to its value—then that guess is *ipso facto* disqualified. If the subject had sufficient grounds from which to infer the value of the card then the experiment is not an adequate ESP test: the so-called 'guess' is not a guess at all; the subject—whether consciously or unconsciously—has cheated.

'Precognition' a Misleading Term

Again, to talk of precognition, or even of cognition, in connection with ESP is misleading also because it suggests that the subjects feel sure and are right, at the time of guessing and before the score is checked, about which guesses are the hits. But this is not so: Dr. Soal in his classic work on Basil Shackleton found no correlation between the correctness of guesses and the confidence the subject had in them. Dr. Thouless of Cambridge University has suggested that we should deliberately introduce a new term designed to stress the analogy with memory (which is also direct and non-inferential) instead of talking of precognition. But it is perhaps already too late to do more than accept the misleading term, taking care not to be misled, helped

maybe by the dodge of abbreviating it to the theoretically neutral symbol 'PC'.

Two main philosophical issues are raised by precognition: many think it relevant to the free-will puzzles; others are worried by 'its apparent implication that causation can work backwards in time'. I will try to deal with these in turn. The first, the belief that parapsychology is relevant to the free-will puzzles, is encouraged by the use of the term 'precognition', which, like 'cognition', suggests some very remote and elevated activity. Rhine wonders 'how precognition fits in with volitional freedom', and this seems 'a profound mystery indeed'. But nothing numinous is involved: genuflexions are not in place. 'Cognition' is just jargon for 'knowing': and 'precognition' refers to guesswork in which statistically significant scores are made. ESP raises no new issues here which are not already raised by scientific prediction and commonsense forecasting. We must not be so overawed by solemn terminology that we overlook that there is nothing essentially paranormal about foretelling the future, as such. What is paranormal is successful prediction without reasons or reasoning.

Astronomers, by observing and calculating, can predict eclipses enormously more successfully than any ESP subject has ever been able to guess cards. And all of us every day know in advance of things which are going to happen. Neither is there any necessary and general incompatibility between predictability and freedom in human conduct. Again and again we find that we know such things as that David will marry Jean, when there is no question whatever of any compulsion on either of them. For the opposite of 'free' is not 'predictable'; but 'compulsory'. The opposite of 'predictable' is 'unpredictable'; not 'free'. To act of one's own free will is not necessarily, or even often, to act unpredictably; but to act without constraint. We can foresee many weddings which will not be shotgun weddings.

Need for Common Sense

We allow ourselves to be confused by jargon, to be unnerved by unexpected phenomena. We forget our common sense: neglecting Wittgenstein's warning that those who come to do philosophy should not leave their common sense outside—like an umbrella. If we remember this, and refuse to be panicked, then it is easy to see that, even if precognition were (what it is not) a species of knowing, it would still not have the slightest tendency to show that people never act of their own free will.

The second perplexity about precognition is this 'apparent implication that causation can work backwards in time'. Surely no phenomena whatever could have such an implication: that the 'cause must be prior to the effect' is not a matter of fact, a generalisation which though confirmed in innumerable instances might nevertheless, through the discovery of exceptions, one day have to be qualified or abandoned; rather it is a logical truism, an analytic proposition, the truth of which depends solely and entirely upon the meaning of the terms 'cause' and 'effect'. No evidence ever could imply that causation can work backwards in time. To use an Irishism: the effect can never precede the cause; because if it does then it is the cause and not the effect.

But to point this out is to display a symptom, not to effect a cure. The trouble lies much deeper. The distress does not arise because these new facts upset some previously accepted generalisation: that might even arouse joyous intellectual excitement. The worry is that they seem to challenge something far more fundamental than any particular law. Most of us can sympathise with the complaint that 'The facts revealed are so odd, so apparently chaotic, in a sense so trivial and yet so difficult to organise within the accepted scientific framework, that the chief feeling they arouse is an acute intellectual discomfort'. For 'every event has a cause' is to be construed rather as a rule for discoverers than as the record of a discovery. We might find it printed as a motto in the heading of a scientific journal. But it appears in no textbooks labelled as So-and-So's Law. What precognitive ESP suggests is not that some law is false. Much more radically, it makes us wonder

whether perhaps some of our basic explanatory concepts and scientific maxims may not be inapplicable. Perhaps the familiar notions of cause and effect, indispensable though they are—and will remain—in the practical affairs of everyday life and in ordinary scientific work, just cannot be used here.

Piecing together the Puzzle

This conclusion would not of course be disastrous. Science has had revolutions before. Physicists no longer look for final causes. The scandal of action at a distance in gravitational attraction is now accepted, albeit hushed up by what Einstein himself called the 'somewhat arbitrary conception' of gravitational fields. But before heralding a revolution we should first exhaust the possibilities of reform. We know, as yet, so very, very little: when we have more pieces of the puzzle, the ones we now have may seem less outlandish. Having so few, we are tempted to force together those we have; often with bizarre results. We can still hope that when we know more we shall be able to see that the trouble was not that the notions of cause and effect were inapplicable but that we were trying to apply them in the wrong way. When we have more facts, it may be easier to fit them into a pattern of theory in which each, even precognition, will seem natural and right.

It is vital to realise how scanty our knowledge is. Some work of very high quality has been done, but the total quantity is minute. Disproportionate effort has gone into proving that ESP effects happen: comparatively little into finding under what conditions they occur. Furthermore there is still a disturbing gap between the results claimed by Rhine and his team at Duke and those confirmed by workers in this country. For example Soal—unlike Rhine—has never got significant scores without having an agent turning up and looking at the cards while the subject was guessing: the scores of both his crack subjects—Gloria Stewart and Basil Shackleton—dropped to the pure chance level whenever there was no agent: and this happened even when, though they thought an agent was operating, he had in fact been secretly told by Soal not to do his job. One is tempted to say—in the older terminology—that Soal only found telepathy and has not found clairvoyance.

Yet now that significant precognitive scores have been made, it is hard, if not impossible, to maintain this old distinction. Any ostensible cases of clairvoyance can always, given determination, be described as cases of precognitive telepathy (the subject 'reading the mind' of the person who is later to check the scores). Similarly any ostensible cases of telepathy can always be described as cases of straight clairvoyance of the cards or, if that is ruled out, of precognitive clairvoyance of future records of the experiment. This is one of the reasons why these old terms are becoming obsolete. Again, Soal in England, unlike Rhine in America, does not seem to have recorded significant precognitive scores on targets turned up more than a few seconds after they were guessed. *C'est le premier pas qui couture*, perhaps. But this shows the present experimental situation in which all conclusions are premature; except the conclusion that there are facts here which cannot be ignored.

'Ludicrously Unreliable'

With this warning, it is perhaps worth suggesting that at least some of the puzzlement may be due to use of the model of perception. What I mean is this. We tend to look at the ESP phenomena as if they were, as the term 'extra-sensory perception' implies, some sort of perception: and naturally we go on to ask the sort of questions, to demand the sort of explanations, which would be appropriate if this were the case. But surely ESP guessing is sufficiently different from the operation of what (to borrow a term from the stage) we might call the 'legitimate' senses, for it not to count as a species of perception at all. It is ludicrously unreliable. It does not seem to be localised in any organ. It does not provide any distinctive experience which he who lacks the faculty can never have. Most important, when we see or hear, if it is genuine seeing and hearing, there is something present to be seen and heard. With perception an explanation is looked for in terms of a mechanical process; light rays falling on to the object, reflected to the retina, setting up electrical disturbances; sound waves passing through the air and hitting the ear drums. And so on and suchlike. But with precognitive ESP this model is in at least one vital respect certainly inappropriate. For, to use another Irishism, the object thus extra-sensorily perceived is not yet there to be perceived.

If we insist in the face of this on applying perception models to

ESP, paradoxes must result. J. W. Dunne did this when he described his apparently precognitive dreams as cases of 'observing the future': by valid inference from this misdescription he deduced that the future must somehow be present; and this encouraged him to develop his logical extravaganza, the serial theory of time. Anyone who applies this same model of perception—and many apply it unconsciously—is led by it to wonder whether the event which has not yet occurred, the agent's looking at the target card, is not somehow the cause of the event, the subject's guess at it, which is now occurring. Rather as the event, the disturbance in the air caused by the stick hitting the gong, is the cause of further and later events in the ear when the sound waves strike the eardrum. Hence arises this alarming paradox that in precognitive ESP effects may, conceivably, precede their causes. Straight telepathy suggests the model of wireless telecommunications—"mental radio". Straight clairvoyance would suggest the model of perception—"a sixth sense". But precognitive ESP cannot be fitted to either model. It is asking for trouble to try.

It might be useful to think of ESP not as a kind of perception but as a species of guesswork. Then we should study ordinary guesswork to find why subjects guess one way and not another, when no ESP factor is involved: further knowledge of the normal might throw into relief further and characteristic features of the abnormal. We should also be less distressed by the necessary absence of quasi-perceptual mechanism linking the target series which has not yet occurred 'backwards in time' with the guess series which precedes it. The model of guessing is not mechanical at all, and so will not suggest that there must be a mechanism—if not a real physical mechanism, then a shadow non-physical, mental, mechanism. 'Guesswork' may not be the ultimately correct category for ESP, but it is more apt than either 'cognition' or 'perception': and might do as a stop-gap.

Finality must wait on the advance of the research. This may seem a disappointingly negative and unexciting conclusion. Negative it is: what parapsychology urgently needs now is less philosophical speculation and more experimental work. But unexciting? Surely not. For, as Rhine says, 'There is ahead of us the adventure of finding out'.

—Third Programme

Above the Bay

All day the ocean lapped the shore,
All day the clouds rode down the sky;
And from that hill, which like the third
Side of a triangle rose high
Between those elements, he saw
A definite world, as might a bird.

Boxed in by earth and sea and heaven
Infinity seemed a little room,
Not that vast deep wherein, a child,
He hid his face from double doom—
The past by anxious memory riven,
The future stretching wide and wild.

For now in simple unity
The dangerous gods were gathered up:
Fate adamant, chaotic Space,
Time with his brimming, bitter cup—
All one. In quiet community
Body and spirit found their peace.

Only the small boats in the bay
Still tacked with restless energy,
And on the coastal road the spool
Of traffic unwound endlessly.
Else a great silence round him lay,
A calm deception of his soul . . .

He woke; yet in the waking seemed
By darker visions overthrown.
The storm rose up, the imprisoned wind
Burst—and immortal thought was blown
Past all perfection, as though he'd dreamed
Too far beyond our mortal mind.

J. C. HALL

The Rehabilitation of Ricardo

By R. L. MEEK

EVERYONE knows about the discovery of the famous Boswell manuscripts at Malahide Castle. By a curious coincidence, another dramatic discovery of manuscripts was made recently very near to Malahide Castle—a discovery which was possibly of equal significance. In a house at Raheny, County Dublin, in a locked metal box, there was found a brown paper parcel, addressed to John Stuart Mill and inscribed 'Mr. David Ricardo's manuscripts'. This parcel turned out to contain the whole series of Ricardo's letters to his closest friend, James Mill.

All the material necessary for the study of Ricardo's work is now available. It has taken well over a century for this happy result to be achieved. Ricardo's main economic writings were published in the decade immediately prior to his death in 1823. They include the three editions of the work by which he is best known—the *Principles of Political Economy and Taxation*—and a number of pamphlets dealing mainly with problems of currency reform and agricultural protection. These basic writings have always been accessible to scholars. But some of Ricardo's work, particularly his *Principles*, is by no means easy to read by itself. Ricardo did not set out to write a complete textbook on political economy, but rather, as he put it himself, to 'combat received opinions'. This means that unless we are fairly well acquainted with these 'received opinions' we may find difficulty in some places in following Ricardo's reasoning. Fortunately, we have been greatly assisted in our understanding by the publication over the years of several collections of Ricardo's letters to his friends. But there were several other sets of documents which were still missing. For example, there were the so-called *Notes on Malthus*—a running commentary made by Ricardo on Malthus' main work on political economy. Then there was the Malthus side of the Ricardo-Malthus correspondence. And finally there were the numerous letters which we knew must have passed between Ricardo and James Mill.

All these gaps have now been filled. The *Notes on Malthus* came to light in 1919, being found in a lumber-room by a great-grandson of Ricardo. The letters from Malthus to Ricardo were found in 1930, as a result of enquiries set on foot by Mr. Piero Sraffa, who was looking for unpublished manuscripts for his new edition of Ricardo's works and correspondence. And the letters to Mill were found a few years ago in County Dublin. This means that Mr. Sraffa's new edition will be virtually complete, and will contain a great deal of material which has not previously been published. The first two volumes of the new edition have just come out under the auspices of the Royal Economic Society*. One of these contains the *Notes on Malthus*. The other contains the *Principles*, ingeniously arranged so that the reader can easily follow the changes which Ricardo made from edition to edition. This arrangement is particularly useful in connection with the famous chapter on value, because Ricardo made substantial alterations to this chapter in successive editions, and it is on these alterations that much of the controversy over his work has centred. Of the later volumes, four will be devoted to Ricardo's correspondence; two to his pamphlets and papers; and one to his speeches in Parliament and his evidence to Parliamentary Committees. Judging from the first two volumes, the

edition as a whole will display an extremely high standard of care and scholarship.

The appearance of this fine edition should do much to bring about the rehabilitation of Ricardo. To say this is, of course, to imply that Ricardo is in need of rehabilitation—in other words, that his reputation today stands rather lower than it ought to in the eyes of economists. And this is in fact the case. It is not only that quite a few economists seem to feel that there is nothing to be gained from studying what they call 'the mistakes of the past'. There are certain special factors affecting their opinion of Ricardo.

To understand what these factors are, we have to appreciate the role which Ricardo's work played in the social struggles taking place in Britain at the time when it appeared. Adam Smith had pointed out that in every civilised society there are 'three great, original and constituent orders'—'those who live by rent, those who live by wages, and those who live by profit'. Smith believed, with one or two reservations, that the interests of these three classes were harmonious, and did not appreciably conflict with one another. By Ricardo's time, however, it had become evident that the interests of at least two of these classes did actually conflict. A struggle was taking place between those who lived by rent and those who lived by profit. In Ricardo's time this struggle mainly manifested itself in the famous Corn Law controversies. The existing duties on the import of corn kept the price of corn at home unnaturally high. This was a good thing from the point of view of those who lived by rent, since a high price of corn usually meant high rents. But it was a bad thing from the point of view of those who lived by profit, since a high price of corn meant that

wages had to be high, and high wages meant that the manufacturing interests received low profits. It was in the course of discussions with Malthus over the Corn Law issue that the theories of rent and profit now associated with Ricardo's name took shape. Some of the political conclusions which could be drawn from these theories were extremely congenial to those who lived by profit—particularly the conclusion, which Ricardo himself drew, that 'the interest of the landlord is always opposed to the interest of every other class in the community'.

But there were certain other elements of Ricardo's system from which conclusions could be drawn which were not nearly so congenial to those who lived by profit. Ricardo had accepted two important ideas from his predecessors. First, there was the idea that profit on capital was an income in the nature of a surplus, owing its origin to labour. Ricardo himself never expressed this idea precisely in these terms, but it was something of a commonplace among his immediate predecessors, and it seems to me to be quite clearly implied in his theory of profit. Second, there was the related idea that in some significant sense labour was the source and cause of value. This latter idea in particular was developed and refined by Ricardo. The 'labour theory of value', as we now know it, lay at the very foundation of his theoretical system. In the eighteen-twenties a number of British radicals like Thomas Hodgskin and William Thompson began to draw uncomfortable political conclusions from these ideas. The labourer's claim to 'the whole produce of his labour' began to be voiced among those who lived by wages.



David Ricardo (1772-1823): a portrait by T. Phillips

The decline of Ricardian economics in Britain really dates from about this time. The two basic ideas I have described were gradually eliminated from economic discussion. Profit began to be explained, not as the result of something which the labourer did, but as the result of and reward for something which either the capitalist or his capital did. Value began to be explained in terms not of labour but of 'utility' or 'cost of production'. On the surface, Ricardo's authority continued undimmed for many decades. Economists like McCulloch and J. S. Mill always imagined themselves to be following in Ricardo's footsteps. Nevertheless, Ricardo's system was in fact gradually purged of its more obviously disharmonious elements—and this not least by his own disciples. The legend that Ricardo was a purely abstract and deductive thinker, remote from the affairs of this world, began to be circulated.

The 'Marginal Revolution'

When Marx took over Ricardo's labour theory and developed it further, the decline was hastened. And with the so-called 'marginal revolution' of the eighteen-seventies the doom of Ricardo's system appeared to be sealed. Thenceforth economists of the orthodox schools began to look at the problems of value and distribution from an entirely new standpoint. Whereas the classical economists and Marx had considered these problems in terms of the social relations which the three great classes entered into with one another in the productive process, the marginalist writers began to consider them in abstraction from those social relations. The classical tendency was more apparent in Ricardo than in his predecessors, so that the idea of Ricardo as a sort of evil genius was bound to arise. The verdict upon Ricardo delivered by W. S. Jevons, one of the founders of the new marginal utility school, was generally approved. Jevons said this of him, 'That able but wrong-headed man, David Ricardo, shunted the car of economic science on to a wrong line'.

Round about the turn of the century, however, there was a revival of interest in Ricardo, inspired largely by the publication of several batches of his letters. People sometimes spoke, as I am speaking here, of the 'rehabilitation' of Ricardo. Some economists—Alfred Marshall, for example—began to argue that certain of Ricardo's theories anticipated more of the modern doctrine than Jevons and other critics had recognised. Other economists used the evidence of the letters to dispel the illusion that Ricardo was a purely deductive thinker. Unfortunately, some of these friends of Ricardo went rather too far in the opposite direction. They admitted that Ricardo was actually a practical man: in fact, they said, he was so much a practical man, and his doctrines were so greatly influenced by contemporary events and issues, that what he said in the course of his polemics could have little interest for modern economists. Ricardo's doctrines had formerly been condemned because they were too abstract. Now they were denied relevance because they were too concrete.

So far as present-day economists are concerned, there are few, I think, who would regard Ricardo as anything other than a genius—'the greatest mind that found economics worthy of its powers', as Keynes once called him. But even a genius may be too much concerned with ephemeral issues, and too often misled into false enquiries, to leave much that will be of anything more than historical interest a century after his death. And this, it is often suggested, was the case with Ricardo. It is admitted, of course, that he left us two or three isolated doctrines which are substantially correct—but that is all. Where the really basic problems of economic theory are concerned, it is suggested that we can learn little from Ricardo. It is in this respect that I think the publication of the new edition may help to bring about the rehabilitation of Ricardo. The picture of Ricardo which the new edition will reveal will not be such as to encourage the idea that he was too much concerned with ephemeral issues, or that his was the type of mind likely to be easily led into false enquiries. He was of course extremely interested in the events and issues of his own times. But he was chiefly concerned with more general and less transitory problems—for example, the laws governing the distribution of the national income between the three main classes of the community, and the laws governing economic development. And in his treatment of problems such as these it will be found, I think, that Ricardo was quite capable of making the proper distinction between the transient and the intransient.

The accusation that Ricardo was misled into false enquiries has generally been made in connection with his theory of value. The fact that Ricardo treated the labour theory seriously has often been something of an embarrassment to economists who felt they ought to admire

him. Happily, on one occasion, while he was wrestling with certain difficult problems of the labour theory, Ricardo wrote a letter in which he expressed a degree of dissatisfaction with it. This letter is now almost invariably given prominence in histories of economic thought, and it is widely believed today that Ricardo, in the second and third editions of his *Principles*, gradually retreated from the labour theory he had presented in his first edition. Mr. Sraffa, however, in his brilliant introduction to the *Principles*, comes to the conclusion that 'an examination of the changes in the text in the light of the new evidence lends no support to this view'. 'The theory of edition three', Mr. Sraffa argues, 'appears to be the same, in essence and in emphasis, as that of edition one'. If this conclusion is accepted, economists may still argue, if they want to, that Ricardo was misled into false enquiries on the question of value. But what has always been one of the chief props of this argument—the notion that Ricardo himself eventually recognised this—will be irretrievably knocked away.

Half a century ago, when the first attempt at the rehabilitation of Ricardo was made, the only possible way to recommend his work to economists was to argue that it was really much more like modern economics than it had been made out to be. During that half century, however, our faith in the validity of many of the traditional methods and assumptions of modern economics has had to sustain a number of severe shocks, and we have shown ourselves not at all unwilling to embrace new ideas. One of the results of the appearance of the new edition of Ricardo's works, then, may possibly be that economists begin to ask themselves whether they have not perhaps been a little too hasty in rejecting the classical approach to the basic economic problems of value, distribution and development. There are already signs that those economists who are interested in the problem of development are beginning to draw on the classical heritage, and it is quite possible that the new edition of Ricardo may encourage the growth of a similar attitude towards the classical theories of value and distribution. If this is the case, it is even possible that we may eventually come to the conclusion that it was not Ricardo, but Jevons, who 'shunted the car of economic science on to a wrong line'.—*Third Programme*

On a Fragment of Greek Verse

It is a wingless statue:
What wings they must have been!
Imagination races
To fill the empty places
And flies like Icarus, and is drowned like him.

It is a single apple
On a bare autumn tree,
Which they forgot to gather,
No not forgot, but rather
They could not reach it, so they let it be.

It is a meteorite, a piece
Of once a world destroyed.
The rest was burned to cinder
Or is compelled to wander
Ages of space; this only crossed the void,

Saw wars, they could not conquer,
Flood, fire, they could not shake it,
The soldier and his terror,
The monk, his textual error,
Not time, not chance, not even the void could break it—

That void without excusal
Which every truth must cross:
Even that about the sun
Had a great night to run
From Aristarchus to Copernicus.

My age, whose truth and falsehood
And ohs of exclamation
Boil up interminably—
What will your fragment be,
And what new wondering world its destination?

HAL SUMMERS

How Can France Increase Productivity?

By PIERRE FRÉDÉRIX

WHEN an Englishman comes to France he is usually impressed, at first, by the apparent easiness of the French way of living. No more coupons whatsoever, no rationing of food. Anybody can enter a shop and buy, if he chooses to do so, ten pounds of meat or butter or chocolate or ten dozen eggs, or anything else. The same Englishman may find life expensive, after a couple of days. He probably will. He may discover that the shortage of housing is acute, though if he limits himself to a brief visit as a tourist he will probably go back to Great Britain thinking that Mr. Pleven's Republic is, after all, a rather pleasant place to live in.

But what about the Frenchman? The average Frenchman is a man who abominates rationing, almost as a symbol of German occupation: a man who, in peace time, would hardly accept the restrictions which you are accepting in England, a man who revels in the wonderland of economic freedom, but who, at the same time, complains bitterly that while the goods are there, the money with which he has to pay for them seems to melt away. And it is a fact, French money melts away—the currency and the notes which you are using in England are the same as before the first war, but a hundred-franc note, which was in 1914 the equivalent of a five-pound note, is now a tip to a porter. Our silver money was withdrawn before the last war, so were our pennies, since one of them could not even buy a hairpin. Then came all the paper scraps, from five to fifty francs, then a currency made of white alloy, pitifully light in weight. And, lately, small gilded pieces which look like the gold pieces of the pre-1914 era, except that a ten-franc gold piece was enough to keep a man going for two days, while the ten-franc gilded piece is not enough for a newspaper.

Even a French youngster has had time to witness seven changes of his underground ticket in Paris since 1947. Their price is now eight times what it was then. Roughly speaking, the buying power of a thousand-franc note nowadays is no more than that of a fifty-franc note in 1914. French wages and salaries have of course gone up very much. But there is always a time lag between prices and wages. Even when taking into account social insurance, which has really made considerable progress in the past few years, figures show that the standard of living of the salaried Frenchman is lower than it was before the last war. This is widely felt among wage earners of every level, and particularly by the old people, who are supposed to live on pensions, and whose condition is one of distress. Unfortunately, all the international factors, and especially the necessity of using more and more material for rearmament, indicates a rather gloomy future. If no fundamental change occurs in our economy, the chances are that the average standard of living in France will not even be maintained at the present unsatisfactory level.

This, I think, is true not only of France. It more or less applies to all European countries, which have to spend an important share of their income on armaments. How did Europe try to solve its financial troubles in our generation? In many cases by inflation, which finally means the wiping out of debts through bankruptcy. In some other cases

by rationing, that is, cutting down the consumption of imported goods for all citizens, as in England; or leaving it to poverty to deal with the matter, as in some Mediterranean states; and their solution in the immediate past was Marshall Aid. Each of these three ways, or a combination of the three, may be unavoidable over a period of years. But may I say, speaking as a European, that none of the three will ever become a permanent ideal for a highly civilised western state. We cannot develop a community on permanent bankruptcy, nor on permanent rationing, nor on permanent American charity. Then, what are we to do?

The answer given by the communists is well known: get rid of capitalism. But apart from the fact that a very large part of the world has no intention of becoming communists, there is a very weak point in the communist case. None of the communist countries has yet reached a standard of living which can match even the mediocre standard of western Europe, let alone the United States. Why can France not afford very large-scale rearmament expenses without depreciating the living standards of its population? Because of its relatively low level of production. The basic fact that we should all keep in mind is this: although the production of western Europe has increased by forty or forty-five per cent., compared with low 1938 levels, 250,000,000 Europeans still fail to produce more than half what is produced by 150,000,000 Americans. In short, the productivity of an English or French worker is a third or a quarter of the productivity of an American worker. This is, of course, nothing new, it is only common sense to say that whatever a political regime may be, the citizens of a country as a whole can receive for their work only the value of what they produce. What



There is no shortage of food in the French markets, but though the goods are there 'the money with which to pay for them seems to melt away'

is new in France is the growing conviction that France, and western Europe in general, can only trudge from one financial or social crisis to another, unless our methods of production are entirely revised.

At present thirty-one per cent. of the French national income is taken by the state in the form of taxes of all kinds; in Great Britain the contribution is thirty-three per cent., a very comparable figure; in the United States, only twenty-four per cent. These are figures compiled by the French Ministry of Finance. Now France, in spite of its large contribution to state expenses, can still not afford to finance rearmament on the same scale, and, furthermore, proportionately more Frenchmen find it about as difficult to pay for the daily meal and wine as the American does to run a car. Why is that? Obviously, not because the Frenchman works less than the American but because he works for a less good industrial and agricultural organisation, based on a much smaller market. The whole secret of the discrepancy between the American and the European standard of living lies there. American production and national income are proportionately much higher than ours, because American productivity is at least three times as large as ours.

Less than two months ago, a very well-known French economist, M. André Siegfried, wrote an article in a conservative paper, wondering whether the French communist voters could really believe what the

party tells them. He received about 100 letters, most of them from middle-class people. 'We don't believe in the communist theory, we dislike the communist practice', explained the correspondents. 'But we vote communist as a protest against the unfairness of our social conditions and the inefficiency of our economic system'. To me, it seems that social conditions are fairer in Great Britain than in France at the present moment. But as far as inefficiency is concerned, I am afraid that the difficulties ahead of us are about the same. 'The only way of solving the economic problems', said M. Pleven three weeks ago, 'is to increase our production by fifty per cent. yearly'. To this everybody agreed, but as nobody pretends that a fifty per cent. increase in French production should be obtained by a corresponding increase in the duration of work, stress is being laid on productivity. What, then, is to be done, and what can be done, to increase productivity?

This problem is three-fold—political, technical, and psychological. First, political. We all know that our national markets in Europe are, at the best, a third of the American market. We can, therefore, never take full advantage of modern technique. This is one of the main aspects of the old debate, 'Europe versus Nationalist'. One of the features of the Monnet Plan is that it not only applies to the equipment of France but also to the equipment of French territories in Africa. This general planning must, of course, involve a minimum political co-operation between French territories in Africa and metropolitan France; furthermore the putting into practice of the Schuman Plan would, so its sponsors declare, increase the efficacy of the Monnet Plan by extending to western Europe national coal and steel markets. Second, the technical problem: this includes modern equipment, rationalisation, reduction of costs, and so on. In this field, powerful rolling mills have been

constructed in the industrial areas, north and east; hydro-electric dams, such as Donzère-Mondragon or Génissiat, will have doubled France's electricity potential by next year. This all means, of course, saving of raw material, time, and man-power. Third, the psychological problem. Productivity, the Americans claim, is above all a mentality—a state of mind. They are perfectly right. The principal reproach which can be laid at the door of French employers is that, in the past, they have not associated their workers with the development of their industry. A growing number of private employers and also directors of nationalised undertakings are now publicising what they are trying to do. They have understood that what the worker expects is not toys to play with; sports fields and dispensaries are not enough. This new generation of French employers wants to prove by facts that higher production and productivity also mean higher wages for the workers and lower prices for the buyer.

A national committee for productivity was created by the French Government last year. Since then, more than 100 missions consisting of French employers and union leaders went to the United States to study American methods. The Marshall Aid Administration is offering special funds, tools, and experts, to help French undertakings which want to produce more and at lower prices. French unions, except the communist ones, are generally favourable, provided the wage-earners will share the profits. French employers are launching a big drive to re-organise the textile industry and the foundries; associations are springing up in many other branches. They are signs of a new relationship between management and labour. We are beginning to realise that as long as productivity in western Europe remains what it is there will be no effective answer to our social and defence problems.—*Home Service*

Freedom and the New Society—II*

ROY HARROD criticises E. H. Carr's talks

MR. CARR opened with an extraordinarily interesting talk on historical method. He brought shrewd, and, as I judge, sound criticisms to bear on certain dogmatic theories of history, the theory that history shows us the course of an inevitable human progress, the theory that civilisations rise and decay, like living organisms, by the inner laws of their being, the theory of an inevitable cycle, the theory of determinism; he tilted at the views of Spengler and of Professor Arnold Toynbee. In all this he carried me along with him.

But he was not merely destructive. He was striving after some theory of his own. He stressed the continuity of history, and held, by consequence, that if one could rightly trace this continuity in past events, one could better interpret the present, and might even make a wise prognosis as regards the future. I have no doubt he is right, but I would like to make a little digression here. I found a certain contrast between this stress on continuity and his own habit of mind in interpreting the present state of affairs. The word revolution seems to have a special fascination for him; in addition to the changes and convulsions in the world, of which we are all too well aware, he is always in search of deeper hidden revolutions; he criticises Toynbee and Butterfield for being haunted with a sense of crisis, but he is so himself; he feels that unless we make some fundamental changes in our attitudes, we shall be doomed—not only because of the atomic bomb, but because of more profound causes. I find something restless and hectic in all this, something—may I say it?—unbalanced. I think we would do well to remind ourselves of how powerful the elements of continuity are. Human nature remains the same. If you examine in detail what the 50,000,000 people in this country are doing day by day, and are hoping and planning, you will find an extraordinarily sameness, compared with before the war, subject to the incursion of a few new items like ration books and television. Their habits of thought and ways of life toughly resist intrusive influences, or find a way of adapting themselves to them, so that all goes on much as before. This sameness is in contrast with the volatility of that world of ideologies in which Mr. Carr has his being. It has its importance when we try to forecast the future, and may have its value at a time when revolutions and convulsions in other parts of the world have not yet proved their usefulness.

In order to detect the thread of continuity, Mr. Carr holds that we have to arrange the events of the past in some kind of pattern. Mr. Carr emphasises that this pattern is the invention of the historian—by dint of his selection of what things to bring into his narrative. This is not simply the old story of the historian's bias—all whigs or all tories must have been in the right—but something much more subtle. It is the selection—and there must be a selection—from the multiplicity of events that gives the pattern; and the pattern gives the clue to continuity. There is much truth in all this.

Mr. Carr urges that in creating this pattern the historian is inevitably, and he adds rightly, influenced by his own values. I cannot help having my qualms about the claim that this influence is not only inevitable but also right. Does not the truly great historian impress us, even while perhaps leaving us in no doubt about his values, with a certain detachment, with his having the power to see more clearly than others the truly significant pattern in the past?

After this first talk, which was of the deepest interest, one naturally awaited with excitement the display of that pattern in history which should be of guidance to our thoughts about the new society. It was therefore somewhat disappointing to find that Mr. Carr's main and almost sole theme was the increase in the power of governments compared with the *laissez-faire* of the nineteenth century—a pattern in recent events which is indeed not difficult to detect. Furthermore Mr. Carr made it abundantly plain with reiterated arguments that in this matter he was on the side of events. He found the pattern and found it good. He allowed his value judgment full scope in giving praise.

In regard to this we have to ask two questions. Do we agree that in selecting this particular development Mr. Carr has put his finger on a most important pointer to the future? And, secondly, do we agree with his valuation? To decide that, we must naturally consider the causes of the development.

I should suggest that it is evident that much the biggest causes of the growth of governmental power in recent years have been war, the aftermath of war, and the fear of more war. And as regards the future I should hold that if our lives are to be dominated by those matters connected with war then Mr. Carr is correct in prognosticating a continuance and increase of governmental power. Mr. Carr had to

* Mr. Harrod's first talk, commenting on Mr. Carr's recent broadcasts in the Home Programme version of the broadcasts

admit, although he did it somewhat grudgingly, that war has had something to do with the increase of governmental power: he also rightly contrasted our increased preoccupation with war with the greater peacefulness of the last century. But I did not feel that he made any strenuous attempt to explain this change, to propose a remedy or forecast the future in this all important matter. That is vitally relevant, because if by some happy chance we took a strong turn towards peacefulness in the coming years, then the forecast of the continued increase in governmental power may be quite wrong, and to elucidate this we have to study the other causes of increased governmental power unconnected with war.

Dangers of Governmental Power

Before doing so I would say one further word about war and governmental power. I suggest that there is reaction as well as action in this connection. An increase in governmental power increases the probability and fear of war. I suggest that if we did not think, rightly or wrongly, that the Russian Government had the power, by propaganda and withholding information, to mobilise the Russian people for total aggressive war, we should have no fear of Russia today. Similarly I suggest that if Hitler's Government had not acquired over-much power, as against the German people, we should have had no second world war. Mr. Carr may protest that he does not foresee or hope for so great an increase of governmental power as all that, and that anyhow there is no danger of western governments, even if powerful, becoming aggressive. Maybe, I merely refer to the tendency. And I would add a corollary. There is a terrible implication in what I have just been saying—that wars make for increased governmental power and increased governmental power makes for greater likelihood, or anyhow greater fear, of war; that involves a frightful vicious circle: but I can see a ray of hope. The United States, and to a less extent Britain, have shown a tendency to require the government to take a back seat when a war and its aftermath are over; if it is the case, as I believe, that societies in which the functions of governments are restricted have a much greater power of economic progress than those in which government is all powerful, then the vicious circle is to some extent broken. I stress this, because it seems to me the one solid ground for hope in the present situation. If the countries which keep governments in their proper place of subordination become stronger than the others, they will be likely to win such wars as occur. Better still, they will be able to create war potentials that are stronger than those of aggressive autocracies and so prevent wars and break the vicious circle.

The reasons for the growth of government power that Mr. Carr stressed more strongly were economic. Here I remain unconvinced. He spoke of the seeds of decay in a free enterprise system, the decline of competition, and the emergence of 'monopoly capitalism'. In his story there is too much stress on competition and its decline. Actually competition is exceedingly important in the United States and in Britain today, and probably remains the dominant feature of our economics. Mr. Carr may have been misled by listening to economists who truly affirm that what they call 'perfect' competition is very rare. It always has been. What the trend recently has been is uncertain. The United States maintains a fierce anti-trust campaign and it is wrong to regard this as totally ineffective. The fact that we have not had a similar campaign in Britain is probably not due to our being indifferent about the evils of monopoly, but rather to our monopolistic groups having acted with such restraint that they have not caused serious evils. Monopoly certainly presents a problem, but a relatively minor one in a big historic perspective. One might compare it with the problems presented by local government finance, questions of the incidence of rates, financial relations between central and local authorities. There is much to be criticised here; but these are matters for a Royal Commission and quiet parliamentary legislation; the evils in question could not possibly be held to justify a social revolution. Similarly in the case of monopolistic abuses.

Furthermore, while competition is a salutary influence, private enterprise involves something much wider and must not be solely judged by the amount of competition obtaining. It involves the taking of risks, initiative, invention, scope for individual talent and healthy motives of ambition, flexibility, adaptability, the devolution of decisions. All these have to be taken into account before deciding to abrogate the system of free enterprise.

Mr. Carr is on stronger ground when he speaks of unemployment. This has been a frightful scourge. I myself hold that this problem calls for some governmental planning. This should work mainly by incentives

rather than controls and directions. My reaction to this situation is that, any increase of governmental power being dangerous, we should proceed carefully and see that the principles and agencies of policy are most carefully defined by Parliament. And at the same time the fact that we probably ought to allow some increase of governmental authority in this particular field should make us all the more on the look-out to pare down and circumscribe the powers of government in other fields to the greatest extent possible.

Whenever there is an increase of governmental power we should carefully ensure that its authority is wielded subject to the rule of law and the right of appeal in courts against decisions. Mr. Carr seems to hold that the rule of law can only be operated in societies of privilege and in the interests of the few. I hold on the contrary that the rule of law is the finest device ever invented to protect the many, and that when we look abroad to the anguish of other peoples, now and recently, we can measure it almost precisely by the extent to which the rule of law is in abeyance among them. I think that this strange opinion that the rule of law is incompatible with the welfare state and government on behalf of the many, is due to Mr. Carr's feeling about economics. In his mind it is all so complicated that governments must just have the right to do what they like. I am reminded of a story Lord Keynes used to tell of a compositor who mispronounced the title of his pamphlet *The End of Laissez-Faire* as 'lazy fairy'. He saw a moral in it. Politicians who recommended *laissez-faire* in the face of crying evils like unemployment did so as a cover for their laziness in not thinking out remedial measures. I apply the moral in reverse to those who in the face of an acknowledged need for selective government interference would abrogate the rule of law. It is because they are too lazy to think through the problem and devise means of planning that shall be consistent with and indeed uphold the rule of law.

Mr. Carr devoted a whole talk to what struck me as, anyhow in the terms in which he stated it, a problem of his own invention: how to get people to work. He thinks that in the nineteenth century this was done by the whip of hunger, and quotes some learned writers. It is true that the harsh Poor Law of 1834 was a blot on our history, but that was not a necessary outcome of the industrial revolution, but mainly due to ideologists who, like Mr. Carr, pushed their ideologies to extremes. People would have worked just the same if the Poor Law had been more humane and the whip of hunger removed. Now that we have not the whip of hunger, Mr. Carr favours direction of labour. I brush this aside. But he also considered three other expedients, of which the only one by which he set much store was that people will work harder if we nationalise the greater part of industry. I just cannot see that.

What is Creative Activity?

The point about governmental control is that it does not intimately affect the rank and file either way on the first round, though in the end, if all pervasive, it will deprive them of free collective bargaining. But it does intimately affect the few who are responsible for our economic progress. Mr. Carr defined freedom as opportunity for creative activity. I cannot help thinking back beyond his talks to the Reith Lectures of Lord Russell, who was concerned with the lack of opportunities for creative activity by individuals in this world of all-powerful states and mammoth organisations. Lord Russell recommended local government as a good sphere for creative activity. Some excellent citizens are able to find it so; others are actuated by a sense of duty, regarding it somewhat as a burden; others again—well, I will not say what they do. I would affirm, as against Bertrand Russell and Mr. Carr, that the greatest form of human activity yet invented—apart from the doings of private life and leisure which are another matter—is private enterprise. The man, big or small, who takes pride in his works, especially perhaps in his labour conditions, or in the quality of his product, or in the technical aspects of his machinery, or in all three, is enjoying creative activity.

But those things alone are not the acme. The man must have at risk his own money, which he might have locked up safely at the bank; he is conscious of having done these fine things in production at his own risk, and then, when he comes to tot up the figures—by Jove! he has made it pay. You cannot beat that for creative activity. We cannot all write poems, compose sonatas, solve equations, make scientific discoveries. But business enterprise is open to the ordinary man and from 500,000 to 1,000,000 British engage in it. All this creative activity, and its scope for strength of character, purposefulness, exhilaration, Russell and Carr would abolish with a stroke of the pen. And put what

(continued on page 559)

NEWS DIARY

September 26–October 2

Wednesday, September 26

Princess Elizabeth's and the Duke of Edinburgh's tour of Canada postponed

British Ambassador in Teheran protests to Persian Foreign Minister about order to expel British technicians at Abadan. British Ambassador in Washington discusses Persian situation with Mr. Acheson and Mr. Harriman

Declaration by Britain, France and United States published on future relations with Italy under peace treaty

Thursday, September 27

H.M. the King signs warrant appointing five Counsellors of State

Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden meet Prime Minister to discuss Persian situation. British Ambassador in Teheran sees the Shah

General Ridgway sends message to Communist commanders in Korea proposing new meeting place for armistice talks

Friday, September 28

The King's doctors announce that he is making steady progress

British Government decides to bring Persian oil dispute before Security Council

A military rising against General Peron's Government takes place in Argentina

Conservative Party publishes its election manifesto

Saturday, September 29

Dr. Moussadeq to represent Persia at United Nations; Persian Deputy Prime Minister states that it is an internal matter outside the jurisdiction of the Security Council

Argentine rising defeated. Navy Minister resigns

Sunday, September 30

Sir Gladwyn Jebb arrives in New York to present Britain's case on Persia to Security Council

Festival of Britain comes to its official end. Labour Party publishes its election manifesto

Monday, October 1

British staff to be withdrawn from Abadan on Wednesday*

Security Council hears British case on oil dispute and then adjourns for ten days to await the Persian Prime Minister

Annual Conference of Labour Party opens at Scarborough

Tuesday, October 2

Mr. Aneurin Bevan gives his support to Labour Party's election manifesto

Mr. Shinwell, Minister of Defence, loses seat on Labour Party executive in elections at conference in Scarborough

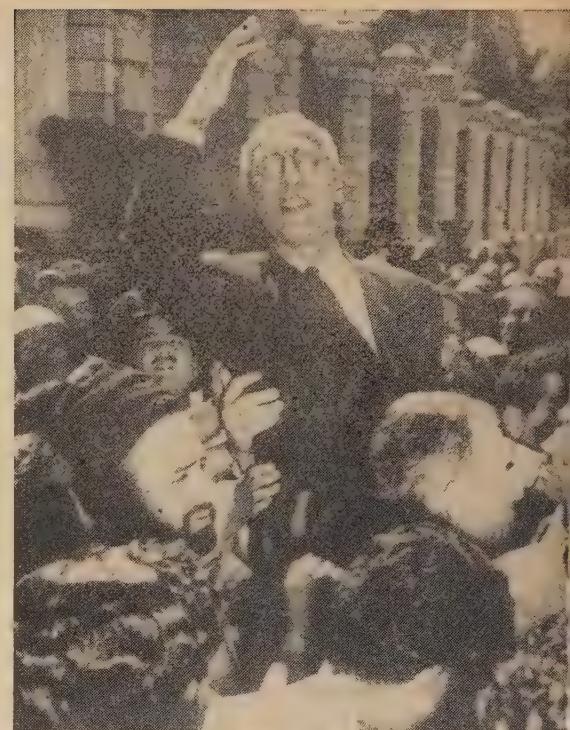
Arrangements completed for evacuating British oil technicians from Abadan



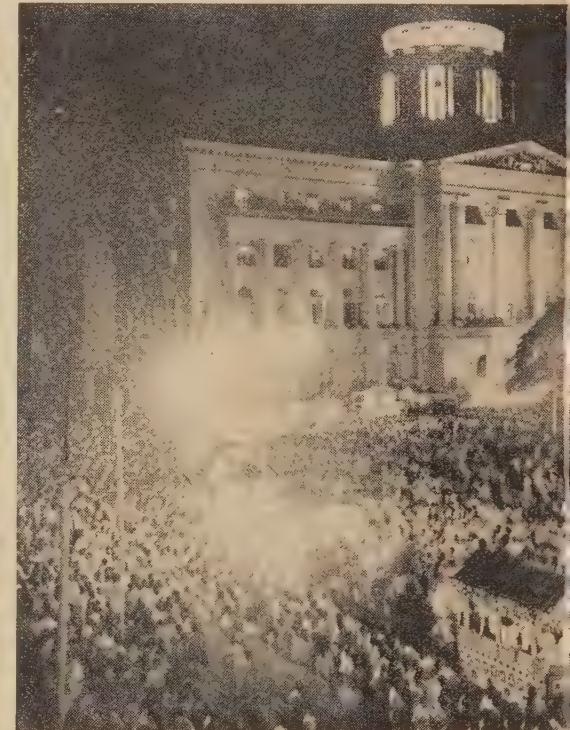
Sir Gladwyn Jebb, British representative at the United Nations, photographed at London Airport on Sunday as he left for New York to present Britain's case in the oil dispute to the Security Council. A special meeting of the Council was convened on October 1 in view of the situation arising from the Persian Government's order for the expulsion of all remaining British staff of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company



At the traditional meeting of liverymen in Guildhall on Saturday Sir Leslie Boyce was elected to succeed Sir Denys Lowson as Lord Mayor of London. He is seen in procession on his way to the ceremony. Sir Leslie, who was born in New South Wales, is the first Lord Mayor of London to come from the Commonwealth overseas



Dr. Moussadeq, the Persian Prime Minister, being chaired in September 27 when, after being prevented from speaking on the steps of the Municipal Building, he delivered his speech in the



*A photograph received last weekend of the *celebrations in Singapore* when the town was raised to the status of a city by Royal Charter. The steps of the Municipal Building, Sir Franklin Gimson, the Royal Charter to Mr. T. P. F. McNeice, the Muni-*

*Right: at the *athletic meeting between London and Gothenburg* on September 26, the British team in the two-mile relay race (Webster, F. Evans and H. J. Parlett) set up a new world record of 7 minutes 30.6 seconds. The photograph shows the last runner, L. Wolfsbrandt (Sweden) takes over the baton from S. Lingard, who takes over from F. Evans. The meeting was attended by 20,000 spectators.*



The Festival of Britain was officially closed at the South Bank on Sunday night with an impressive ceremony. Above, drummers of the Brigade of Guards beating Tattoo on the floodlit Fairway. Right, the closing act: the Union Jack and the Festival of Britain flags are struck. Earlier in the day a thanksgiving service was held in the Festival Hall at which

Dr. Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, gave the address



'Setting the Thames on fire': a cascade of fire pouring on to the river from the Albert Bridge during a display on Monday night. The flares, mounted on rafts, floated downstream to the Festival Gardens



September 22
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The new Trinity Congregational Church, built as part of the Festival of Britain Exhibition of 'live architecture' at the Lansbury Estate, Poplar, which was dedicated on September 29. The church was designed by C. Handyside and D. Rogers Stark, and replaces the Trinity Church destroyed in an air raid in 1944. The interior of the church is illuminated by concealed amber lighting

Party Political Broadcasts

The Case for Voting Liberal

By the Rt. Hon. CLEMENT DAVIES, K.C., M.P., Leader of the Liberal Party

BY this time four weeks hence the election will be over. You will have chosen the Government you wish—the Government that will rule this country for possibly the next five years. Which will you choose? A Socialist Government, or a Conservative Government? On this occasion that is your *only* choice, for in this election we Liberals have decided to fight on a much narrower front than we did in the last election.

Now, at once you will hear the question, 'Then why vote Liberal?' And you will hear the cry, from tories and socialists alike, 'Why waste your vote?' I am going to answer that quite sensible question—and that very silly cry. In the first place, the fact that we are putting up fewer candidates does not mean that we have in any way surrendered our independence as a political party. The very opposite! We Liberals are determined to stand firm and give full support to those generous and just principles which are vital to the welfare of mankind. It's most important that the very substantial, total Liberal vote in this essentially Liberal country should be fully polled in those constituencies where there is a Liberal candidate. That will make any new Government, tory or socialist, pay proper attention when they come to frame their own special class legislation.

There is an even more vital duty for us Liberals to perform. For the sake of democratic government, and democratic institutions, and democracy itself, there must be enough Liberal Members in the House to command attention on the final battlefield, namely, the voting lobby of Parliament. To achieve that, we've deliberately planned to contest selected seats in all areas of the country and concentrate all our resources on those constituencies. Thus we shall create on the political front and at Westminster a fighting beach-head, from which, as our strength grows, we mean to march forward to establish in all the constituencies Liberalism as the true and traditional doctrine of the British people.

There are urgently real reasons why we Liberals should carry on the fight and get more Liberal Members into Westminster. The other two parties are now in the remorseless grip of a pair of mighty, wealthy, highly-gearred political machines which are run for one purpose, and one purpose only, namely, to place and maintain their party in power and office, come what may. Woe betide any member who tries to run counter to the machine. Why, we have seen that even the mutinous Mr. Aneurin Bevan has had to bow—and how!—and nobody will forget that for ten years before the war the tory machine kept even Mr. Winston Churchill out of tory office. That is a real danger of party machines. A democracy run by those machines can be as dictatorial and ruthless as a single dictator. It is vital in a free country that there should always be heard in Parliament the voice of the independent-minded person. There must be Members, not tied to class or section, who will fight for a policy because they believe it is best for the country and heedless whether that policy be popular or not.

The Liberals alone expressed, and will continue to express, a view free and independent of any class or section. We have a special contribution to make in the fields of foreign, home and Empire policy. In foreign policy—by our own

emphasis on the need to follow and uphold the Rule of Law, the support of the United Nations organisation, the breaking down of barriers which divide nations. The Liberal policy is to unite all good and friendly men and not to divide or segregate or isolate them. Liberals see mankind as one family and seek to establish the conditions in which all can live together in peace, prosperity and security. In home matters, the Liberal is the champion of freedom. Mr. Attlee himself paid us a candid and well-deserved—though belated—tribute the other day: he confessed that it was the Liberals who invented and actually designed the welfare state, so strengthening individual freedom.

Now, there is a mountain in the way ahead of us. Britain is facing a new crisis—one of the biggest in her history. There is still no peace among nations. Armaments are growing in size and cost. Goods are getting scarcer. Raw materials are becoming more difficult and dear to get. This island whose prosperity was built on coal, yet today is actually importing coal, and even then we're in danger of freezing this winter. All the time prices are going up, and the £ sterling is purchasing less and less.

Who tells us this? Not I alone. It was the socialist Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Gaitskell himself, who told us most vividly the sad, sad story, and only this week. He frankly admitted that our economic difficulties were worse than he and the Government had expected and that we could not go on for long with a large trading deficit. We have a deficit on our balances with all other countries, and, in particular, we have again a special dollar problem which has lately got considerably worse. Mr. Gaitskell had again to speak of cuts in our imports—always a very serious matter for this country which is so dependent on foreign trade. Well, the Government are not responsible for *all* our troubles, but who can doubt that there has been, and is today, mismanagement, waste and squandering?

Under this socialist Government, we have been compelled to try to do too much at one and the same time. We have been trying to carry on our affairs here at home on the same lavish scale as if there were permanent peace and no need for any expenditure on armaments. The truth is that the expenditure on armaments is heavier today, and is going to be heavier for some time, than ever it was before in time of peace. Some members of the socialist Government—or rather some who were in the Government—have realised that it is impossible to do all these things at one and the same time. So they quarrelled and left the Cabinet. Their solution to the problem was to cut down the expenditure on armaments and run the risk, with lesser and weaker forces, of our being able to defend our freedom. We Liberals refuse to run that risk. It is too heavy and too dangerous a gamble. Freedom is of far greater importance to man than anything else. Freedom is more important even than peace itself. If we lose freedom and independence, then all else that might be granted to us in the best of welfare states would really be as ashes in the mouth.

The socialist Government itself also refused to run the risk of cutting the armament expenditure. But now, for the purposes of winning the election, we find two things. First, they persist in carrying out their full programme of

expenditure on all other matters regardless of the increased armament costs, and regardless of shortages and the cost of materials of all kinds. And, second, they fight on the same united socialist platform as the rebels with whom they fundamentally disagreed. What kind of party unity, or indeed, party honesty, is this? Under this socialist Government again, ever since they came into office in 1945, we have staggered from one economic crisis to another and we would not have survived the perils which beset us without undergoing tremendous suffering, unemployment, a lowering of the standard of life, and possibly even hunger, if the United States of America had not come to our assistance on two memorable occasions.

But now, again, we are face to face with a situation as serious as that of 1947. Can we again count on America coming to our aid? Or, rather, let me ask—why should we? Surely, it is intolerable that this proud and great nation should again go cap in hand to beg for help. Britain—a beggar? No, never!

We must help ourselves, and by our own efforts stand up, pay up, and restore our credit. And we can. Britain is not alone in this great task and duty. We are still the heart of a vast and splendid community of British nations. We have a great estate which we have hardly yet begun to cultivate for the well-being of all who dwell in it and of the world at large. We plan that under British guidance new, free Dominions will come into being in Malaya, Middle Africa, and the West Indian Islands. We want to see those people freely developing and their territories becoming fair and flowering lands.

To put these things right now is not going to be an easy job. It is better to realise it and face the truth. Let nobody mislead you with promises which cannot be fulfilled. There'll be a great temptation to try to get your votes by promises of this or that, by efforts of one candidate or party to outbid the other for popularity. I hope, in the interests of democracy, and of our country above all, that this temptation will be resisted. At any rate, we Liberals will have nothing to do with that. Our only promise is to face the facts and see that the sacrifices are so shared that the biggest burden falls upon the broadest back. The way to safety, to victory, over the top of that old economic mountain, is going to be hard, but that is the road, the hard and splendid road. And it is right that we should all know it, and know it now.

Then, less must be spent by the Government at home. We dare not run further risks of being unable to pay for the raw materials, goods or food that we need from abroad. We should postpone schemes and projects that we can, for the time being, do without. The labour and materials so released will turn to the production of things we need, and need more urgently. These are: more goods for export, to pay for our imports; more goods for the home market, to get rid of the shortages, bring down the prices and reduce all round the cost of living. Employers, managers, and trade unions must unite in promoting new and more enterprising methods of production, and use more and better machinery and plant. Anything which is a hindrance to production should be forbidden—and forbidden whether it comes from employers, or a ring of

employers, or whether it comes from trade union rules framed in other times.

The true remedies are the ones that we Liberals have all along advocated: spend less on government projects and schemes; stop waste

everywhere; work harder to produce and serve; give greater freedom to sell; give greater freedom to buy. This is the way to defend the £, reduce the cost of living, make our credit firm and sure, regain our position as the greatest traders and

the strongest force for progress in the world, and to restore the confidence and respect of everybody. That is the Liberal way. It is the hard, but splendid way. Moreover, it is the British way.—*Home Service*

What the Labour Party Has Achieved

By the Rt. Hon. HUGH GAITSKELL, C.B.E., M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer

THREE'S one thing about this election. Everyone seems to agree that it's no use promising that things are going to be easy for the next year or two. That is certainly right. And the reasons are well known. There's rearmament: we all regret the need for it, but we just can't take risks with our security. And then there's the higher prices we're having to pay for food and materials from abroad. In order to meet this bill we have to export a lot more; and that's not easy on top of rearmament. Just now we're getting on all right with the arms production, but we are still not exporting enough. So there's a trade gap to be dealt with. All this is certainly not beyond us. There's no need to get depressed about it; you're bound to get ups and downs. We had a surplus last year and we built up our reserves a lot. But it does mean that we can't take things easy or expect higher living standards for the present.

And that brings me to the higher cost of living. The higher prices we pay for Australian wool, American cotton, Canadian timber and copper, and so on, have worked their way through to the shops. That's the chief reason why prices at home have been going up. It isn't bulk purchase by the Government that's responsible; in some cases it has held prices down. And it isn't devaluation—though it had some effect at first. If you doubt me, remember that prices have gone up not just here but in every country, whether it has had private or government buying, whether it devalued or didn't.

And the main cause must be something that affects every country, and, of course, it's world rearmament. Wage and salary increases at home have played a part, too; but they also mean larger pay packets. Fortunately the prices of a lot of these raw materials have recently fallen, and I don't believe there is any real danger now that they'll rocket up as they did last year. From the start we felt that the right way to handle this problem was by international co-operation. This was one of the things Mr. Attlee suggested to President Truman when he visited him last year; and we have now got it going pretty well.

What else can be done about prices? At home we've kept on, and indeed extended, price control. This does not stop prices going up when you get huge increases in the costs of materials. But it does prevent profiteering. If we hadn't had price control all this time the rise would have been a good deal worse. And then, of course, we have kept on the food subsidies which save the average family about 13s. a week. I wish we could have increased them, but the money would have had to come from higher taxation, which I felt we could not afford this year. So let me say this about the cost of living. It's gone up chiefly because the prices of what we buy from other countries have gone up. The worst is, I think, over, and some prices are coming down. And we have been able to keep the rise here in check a lot better than in most other countries.

The Conservatives often speak of reducing

public expenditure as a kind of magic cure for higher prices and everything else. Well, it's an easy cry, but just what do they mean? How much is to be saved, and how? At the time of the Budget Mr. Lyttelton talked of a saving of £50,000,000 a year—no details, of course. More recently, Mr. Eccles suggested a cut of £700,000,000 a year—again no details. And now we have the new Conservative manifesto with only vague talk and no figures at all—not a single concrete proposal of any saving whatever. The truth is that of every £1 of our public expenditure, nearly 10s. is spent on defence or war debts, and of the remaining 10s., 7s. 6d. goes on social services and food subsidies. As to the other 2s. 6d. in the £, the whole cost of everything else, running the state, maintaining ourselves abroad, helping the Colonies and so on—I went through it with a fine comb this year. Of course that's a job the Chancellor has to go on doing all the time. But you can't really reduce public expenditure in the way the Conservatives speak of without cutting either defence, or food subsidies, or social services. Which will they do? Ask them; and if they say none of them, then just don't believe a word they say about reducing public expenditure.

It's the same sort of thing over housing. They're not really being straight with you. They know, as all of us do, that there's a great need for more houses. So what do they propose? They talk of 300,000 houses a year against the 200,000 we're building at present. They don't tell you where the labour and materials for the extra 100,000 would come from. Of course they'll say it's only a target, not a promise; something that looks good on paper, but there's an excuse when you don't do it. But you know, this isn't the way to treat the British people. Isn't it better to be honest? You just can't have 300,000 houses a year and carry out the defence programme at the same time. The labour, the timber, the cement and the other materials just can't be there for both. Of course, the thing that will help us most in everything—prices, rearmament, exports—is greater production. We all agree on that. The question is, which government is most likely to get it?

Well, what is the record? Since the war, production has gone up much faster than it used to before the war. This fact really makes nonsense of the stories that people won't work and won't risk their capital nowadays. The truth is that the British people and British industry have done a very fine job in these last six years. We've had tremendous difficulties to overcome, arising out of the war. We've faced up to them. And we were pretty well home when the new troubles from a new war—the one in Korea—came upon us. We shall face up to these too.

I think one reason for the great expansion in production has been the good human relations we've had in industry. They are better now than they have ever been before. Industrial peace in these last few years has helped tremendously—how different, by the way, from the period after the first world war! We shall certainly also need

to keep up, and develop in every possible way, a real partnership between workers and employers, and I believe we're far more likely to get this under a Labour than under a Conservative government.

Then there's the question of how to treat profits. This also has its bearing on industrial peace. We believe it's wrong, at a time of rearmament, when we're all facing hardships and difficulties, for profits distributed to shareholders—that's to say, dividends—to increase. So when dividends went on rising I said we should have to prevent companies from increasing them at all during the three years of rearmament. This was greeted by the most violent outburst of abuse and indignation. I was accused of malice, spite, class hatred and goodness knows what else. Well, now the Conservatives have turned a really good somersault. They themselves have proposed an excess profits tax. Personally I think there are some fairly serious disadvantages about such a tax, and I prefer our own proposal for limiting dividends. But the broad idea is certainly much the same in both cases. I welcome their remarkable, though last-minute, 'conversion' to Labour's policy, providing, of course, it is genuine, and not just an election stunt; and on that you won't be surprised if we are extremely suspicious.

There's another thing which I think has helped to raise production—full employment. You know, that's one of the things the Labour Party cares most about. Don't take it for granted or belittle it. Older people know the difference it's made. It's not only the sheer human misery when people are out of work for long. It's the other side of the penny too—feeling your job is secure when there's full employment; the fact that you're no longer wondering if you're going to work yourself out of a job. Mind you, I'm not saying we've yet got over this sort of feeling entirely. It created in both sides of industry a very restrictive attitude which holds back production today. The longer we have full employment the more this attitude will change. But we can't leave it at that. We must attack restriction and monopoly directly. That's why the Government set up the Monopoly Commission, which we intend to speed up, too. And that's why we want to set the shops free from restrictive agreements which now stop them selling at lower prices. That's action, not just talk.

Some people feel, I dare say, that nowadays initiative is stifled and opportunity suppressed by controls and high taxation. Yes, we have controls. But these aren't to keep prices up and production down, like the monopolies of which I've just spoken. They're to protect the people, to check profiteering, to prevent the countryside from being spoilt, to bring work to the pre-war depressed areas like South Wales and Durham, to see that new houses go to those who need them most, to share things out fairly when they're scarce—things like that. Business men may object to them, but they've been pretty prosperous these last few years. There were certainly fewer controls before the war, but a lot

Foresight on blue glass

LONG BEFORE THE PAPER was made on which today's news appears Albert Robbins* had all the information he needed. In charge of the giant grindstones which reduce logs to pulp at the only groundwood mill in the United Kingdom—one of the group of Bowaters' mills in Kent—part of Robbins' job is to ensure that the wood is ground to give exactly the right fibre for the manufacture of good paper. Every few minutes he scoops samples from the watery pulp flowing from the grinding machines and examines them on a blue glass under a strong light. Largely upon Robbins' skill and practised eye depends the satisfactory operation of the newsprint machines.



Drawn by A. R. THOMSON, R.A.

The hum of the grinders drowns the cries of the gulls wheeling over the mud flats of the Thames Estuary, and the siren blasts of distant ships. Thoughts of his hobbies—the allotment, his football team and the bowling green—do not distract his attention. As he chats Robbins' eyes and ears are alert. For each of the five great paper-making machines at Kemsley consumes some 10,000 spruce trees every week—the raw material of newsprint for the free press of the democratic world.



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of time was spent trying to sell things nobody could afford to buy.

Taxation is high nowadays, of course, and nobody likes that side of it. But we have to pay for defence and war debts and the social services. And incidentally, we have, since the war, reduced income tax on the smaller incomes very substantially. Naturally rich people who pay heavy taxes grumble, but I just don't believe that those who earn the big salaries are really unable to care about their work and their business because if they get to £15,000 a year, or £300 a week, they then have to pay 19s. 6d. in the £ tax on any more money they earn.

And if we're talking about opportunity and initiative, let's look at the other end of the income scale. What has been happening there?

The children now have a far better start in life than they did in the past. Wouldn't you say this is true from your own experience? They have better health and better education. They've a bigger chance of going to a university, of getting technical training, of going in for a professional career. Today there are opportunities for most children of a richer and more varied way of life which were just not there before. These things haven't just happened, you know. They're the result of policies we've carried out. They're the things we've wanted and worked for in the Labour Party; we're glad and proud of what has been achieved, and we don't want the clock put back.

We're facing some difficult problems today and I haven't tried to hide them, ever. But

these can't be tackled in the old out-of-date pre-war ways. Our policies of work for all and fair shares—it's a simple phrase but I think you know what it means—must be maintained if we're to face successfully the great challenge of our times, the threat to our liberties and our democratic way of life. To meet this we need armed strength, and that imposes burdens, the burdens of hard work and sacrifice. But these must be fairly shared. Our society must be free from the poverty, the unemployment, the injustice which is the real source of class war and the breeding ground of communism. We've gone a long way since 1945 in building up a society which is free of these things. With so much achieved, this is no time to turn back.

—Home Service

All the General Election broadcasts will be printed in full, starting next week

Letters to the Editor

The New Society

Sir,—Mr. Roy Harrod, in his somewhat oblique criticism of Mr. E. H. Carr's talks on 'The New Society', indulges in some very fanciful history. May I point out three examples?

(i) Speaking of 'equality under the law', he says that 'the French knew that this kind of equality already existed in England' (*i.e.*, by 1789). The tangle of civil and military disabilities imposed upon both Roman Catholics and Protestant Dissenters by our 'equal laws' were, of course, swept away in England only a generation later, partly under the impact of the French Revolutionary ideals.

(ii) 'There were some very poor people in England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Yet they were protected by our ancient laws...'. I recommend Mr. Harrod to read the account by Dr. Radzinowicz, in the first volume of his *History of English Criminal Law*, of how beautifully our criminal law 'protected' the poor at the end of the eighteenth century.

(iii) 'Had it not been for those Greeks, whom Mr. Carr disdains, the tide of human history might have rolled on for centuries and millennia, right down to our own times and beyond them, offering individuals the gloomy alternatives of the tyranny of an autocrat or the tyranny of rigid custom'. Well, well! Has Mr. Harrod never heard of Christianity? And was slavery abolished in the British Empire before, or after, the French Revolution?

If Mr. Carr's arguments can be attacked only by such phoney historical arguments, they must be very strong indeed.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge DAVID THOMSON

Local Accent

Sir,—Mr. Spalding, though correct in pointing out that the German *Bühnenaussprache* is non-regional, overlooks its essential difference from English R.P. R.P. is the natural speech, from childhood onwards, of a community delimited socially rather than geographically. Being a natural speech it undergoes continuous change, and has developed different styles, formal, colloquial, and familiar, appropriate to different social contexts. Anyone, English or foreign, who wants to acquire R.P. can and must do so by exact observation and imitation of the speech habits of its 'native speakers', and it is upon this, rather than upon grammarians' and elocutionists' rules, that modern English language teaching (*e.g.*, 'English by Radio') is based.

As opposed to this organic growth, *Bühnenaussprache* was 'created' by the fiat of a narrowly based semi-official commission some fifty years ago as a by-product of German political unity. It consists of a set of rules for attaining some degree of uniformity by the avoidance of out-and-out dialectal forms. It is usually required by a conscious modification of a childhood dialect. 'Accent', however, determined by intonation and minute variations in length and quality of 'Standard sounds', escapes the coarse net of regulation and remains. Regional variation is pronounced, and no area sees any reason for thinking its own variety of *Hochsprache* is inferior to another.

Again, *Bühnendeutsch* is full of elocutionistic provisions, such as the prescription of tongue-tip trilled 'r' in all positions, and stern warnings against 'slovenly' colloquial forms, and is thus widely neglected in everyday speech.

Yours, etc.,
University College, JOHN L. M. TRIM
London

Sir,—Mr. Collis is a victim of the 'graphological fallacy'—the fallacy of supposing that spoken speech should copy written speech, instead of *vise versa*. For the sake of 'economy of effort' Standard English suppresses the 'r' sound before a following consonant, as in 'farm' (fahm). It is here entirely superfluous, since the other consonant suffices for articulation. Moreover it cannot be sounded without an audible 'glide' between the r and the following consonant, which almost adds another syllable to the word—*cf.* the Scottish (fahram). I suggest that the strange vowel sounds Mr. Collis sometimes hears—(hets) for hats and (herm) for home, etc.—may be due to occasional radio distortion, and not to the announcers.

The omission of the linking r—(mistaätlee) instead of (misteratle), etc.—is, of course, indefensible: as a grammatical error, it is comparable to the omission of the liaison in French. On the other hand, the insertion of the 'euphoniac r' in phrases like 'The India(r) Office' has the sanction of grammar, and is favoured by all speakers with a sense of euphony—*cf.* the 'euphoniac t' in French: *a-t-il*, *a-t-on*, etc.—Yours, etc.,

Newquay J. C. GRAHAM

A Russian Ballerina in Florence

Sir,—The broadcast on 'A Russian Ballerina in Florence' was doubtless appreciated by thou-

sands of the 'ballet-fans' of this and other lands.

It would have been better had it contained more facts and perhaps less unsupported opinion. It appears that the speaker has never seen any ballet in Russia. Seeing the dancer, Galina Ulyanova, the speaker was evidently impressed with her style. I cannot see how she revealed style in the first half of her programme; and then inexplicably lost it during the second half, which happened to show some extracts from 'Red Poppy', which apparently he does not like for its alleged 'propaganda content'.

First, it may be pointed out that Ulyanova is one of four leading dancers in the U.S.S.R.; the reason why she can appear only three times each month is because leading roles are shared and danced in turn. Besides Ulyanova, there are Marina Semyonova—a classical dancer of superb beauty and regal bearing, both on and off stage—and then Olga Lepeshinskaya, a younger product of Madame Vaganova's expert training in Leningrad; Natalia Dudinskaya, contemporary with Semyonova; and Vecheslova. Younger dancers include the lyrical Maya Plissetskaya (whom I first saw at school and then in the revived ballet 'Baby Stork', at its premiere), Marianna Bogoliubskaya (fellow student) and Mira Redina (seen here recently in the film 'Ballerina') and Raisa Struchkova, Ludmila Cherkassova, and Maria Sorokina (chiefly at Stanislavsky's opera theatre). I need not list the men, except to say that Vakhtang Chebukiani, senior to Yuri Kondratov (Ulyanova's partner at Florence), is perhaps a finer dancer, though 'out' lately for a knee injury.

Definitely one should not 'draw conclusions' concerning the artistic standards of Soviet ballet from a single concert performance given 'against curtains' in Florence. We saw here Spanish dancers, also 'against curtains' (the cause being cash, not taste). Nor can the Soviet ballet be evaluated even by seeing the finest dancers out of it. As for the 'revolutionary ideas' attributed to Diaghileff and Fokine, that is another story; yet it should not be assumed that present-day Russian ballet is at all unaware of these developments; or does not make use of all modes where necessary. Those who, like myself, have seen (for example) the magnificent romantic ballet 'The Fountain of Bakchisarai'—from Pushkin's poem—realise that the Russian masters of ballet can equal anything ever done by Fokine and Diaghileff.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.7 W. G. RAFFÉ



What's in that basket, Mrs. Ellis?

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'Life of Baron von Hügel'

Sir,—Count Michael de la Bedoyère, in trying to defend the indefensible, has landed himself in yet more complicated absurdities. He does not even understand the letter of Von Hügel which he quotes. The whole point of that letter is to show that the official teaching of the Church eventually and reluctantly acquiesces in the heterodox opinions which at first it denounces; that the Modernists are right and the cast-iron conservatism of the Vatican invariably wrong. The Baron cites with approval Richard Simon and his own personal friend, the Abbé Loisy (both of whom are on the 1930 edition of the *Index*) and says that, however the Church may try to stifle their opinions, sooner or later (as in the case of the Johannine 'Comma'), truth must prevail. 'Rome', said Father Tyrrell, 'can put out any number of candles, but she cannot put out the sun, nor even pull down the blinds to any effectual extent'.

The faithful, in fact, or that handful of them which takes any interest in the Bible, would do better to listen to the Modernists rather than the Church, which at one time teaches that the Bible can contain no error, at another time, when scientific criticism has dislodged the orthodox, or (shall we say?) 'winkled them out' of an untenable position, is forced to admit that, quite apart from the fabulous legends and false history it contains, the Bible is (textually) exactly on a par with other ancient documents. That is to say, it is full of errors and contradictions which

the Church never seems to discover until they are pointed out to her.

The latest edition (1927) of the *Vulgate* which I have been able to get hold of contains the apocryphal text: *Quoniam tres sunt qui testimonium dant in celo*, etc.

Lastly, by way of a *coda*, or tail-piece, the Count is wrong about Aquinas. If he will look up the passage I referred to, he will find that the great Doctor says that it is on revelation and not on reason that belief in the Trinity is based; and the only piece of revelation he relies on is this spurious text. Perhaps, however, this is not so much the Count's own mis-reading as that of some theologian who rather hurriedly briefed him on the point.—Yours, etc.,

Bournemouth

HAROLD BINNS

The London Classical Orchestra

Sir,—With reference to Mr. Alan Frank's article in THE LISTENER last week, the London Classical Orchestra is basically a 'Haydn-Mozart' size orchestra, working in conjunction with the London Classical and Contemporary Concert Society Ltd. (patron, Sir Adrian Boult), but the founders, realising their responsibilities to contemporary music, also intend to give the younger composers of our own time a platform and to perform unplayed or underplayed music in their programmes.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

ADRIAN CRUFT

Assistant Conductor,
London Classical Orchestra

German Student Harvest Scheme

Sir,—Some 750 students from German universities will soon be on their way to this country to give our farmers help in gathering in the potato and sugar beet harvest. A secondary but important object of the scheme, which is being organised by the German Educational Reconstruction Society in conjunction with the Ministry of Agriculture and the Foreign Office, is to give these young students the opportunity of seeing for themselves something of the British way of life. But although the students meet with men and women from many walks of life in the Volunteer Agricultural Camps, more still can be achieved by giving them an opportunity before their return of sharing for a time on equal terms in our home life.

Last year many families all over Britain offered hospitality to students. In many cases this resulted in new and friendly ties which will make a contribution, however small, towards a better and lasting understanding between our two peoples. Will any reader who can offer free hospitality, board and lodging, to one or more students for any period between early November and mid-December, please write to:

The Liaison Officer,
German Student Harvest Scheme,
43, Parliament Street,
London, S.W.1.

Yours, etc.,
London, W.1 ERNEST BARKER
President German Educational Reconstruction

The Week's Work in the Garden

By F. H. STREETER

THE average gardener makes a bit of a mess blanching his celery, or earthing it up, as it is more generally called, so may I give a few tips on this job?

The average gardener often starts by wrapping about a foot of newspaper round the stems, at all angles, and after the first storm all this looks more like bird-scaring than blanching celery! First of all the plants should reach a good size before you start on them and it needs at least 8 weeks to do the job properly. First, give the roots a good soaking the day before, even if it has been raining (the foliage often throws the water off without its ever reaching the roots). Next remove every little side growth and any crooked stems: you must have them nice and straight. Choose fine weather and dry foliage—it handles so much better. Then stretch a garden line tightly each side of the plants and break down the soil finely with the spade and place it in between and close to the plants; place a loose tie with a wide strip of raffia just at the top of the stalks and under the foliage; always allow plenty of room for swelling as if the tie is too tight it will cause the main stems to become twisted and all out of shape, so watch this. Straddle your legs one each side of the plants and work backwards, then arrange the soil with your hands closely round each stem, making it firm (the roots will be moist from the previous soaking so you need not mind about the soil being dry above the roots). Add four inches of soil each time till the final banking up is reached by instalments every ten days or a fortnight. When finishing it off finally don't plaster it down with the back of the spade, just firm it, and you will have lovely stuff.

To get a late row, leave it to grow for several more weeks. And you want a few extra good sticks for the show? This is where the paper

comes in. The culture is exactly the same but for blanching there is nothing better than strips of brown paper five inches in width and fastened securely with three strands of stout raffia—secure but not too tight, just so that the light and air are excluded. Put just a little soil round the base so that watering and feeding with liquid manure can still be carried out, but take care not to cripple the young leaves and add another band every fortnight till the desired length is reached. During this blanching until the show occasionally remove the bands just to examine the stems to see all is well—that there are no vermin or crooked leaves.

Another job this week is to get your spring cabbage bed planted. Try to give them a nice open site in the garden, away from the trees: for this crop it is hard to beat the plot where you have just harvested your onions. Give it eight ounces of lime to the square yard and dig it well in; they rather like a nice rich soil and it won't make them grow too strong. As soon as the seedlings are large enough, plant them out in rows fifteen inches apart each way. Draw a shallow drill and place the young plants firmly (this is a little protection) and always put them in so that the plants rest on the surface, not three or four inches of leg showing! If that happens, they get whipped by the wind and the poor things never get a chance to root. Too often we see them just stuck in the ground about two or three inches and they are just alive next April when you should soon be thinking about enjoying them: so firm planting, please.

Here are some other tips for the week's gardening: Take the yellow leaves only from the Brussels sprouts. Do away with those old cauliflower running to seed. Collect and put in the shed any marrows too old for use. Begin to burn up the rubbish, making sure the smoke

does not affect your neighbours. Try to buy some manure.—*Home Service*

The New Society

(continued from page 551)

in its place? Russell puts local government, Carr harder work by the rank and file when they learn that the profit motive has been abolished. Mr. Carr may say that only 1,000,000 can engage in this form of creative activity, not everybody; therefore it is unequal; therefore it is to be stopped. By that reasoning we should have to abolish creative art and science, for all cannot engage in those either.

After a tremendous build-up of the virtues of government planning, Mr. Carr, observing the unpleasant fact that most of this had hitherto been for war, posed it as a question to be thought through from the beginning—what are we to plan for in peace time? In the despised system of freedom, it is the individuals, both demanders and suppliers, who devise what shall be produced in accordance with their needs and fancies; the central authority confines itself to providing a framework and undertaking certain measures to ensure harmony in the totality of individual plans. It does not have to think out its own plan for what individuals shall do, what have. Mr. Carr answers his own question. We must plan for equality. Inequality is not a serious problem in Britain today. There are plenty of other problems! Mr. Carr is harking back to the nineteenth century fighting the old battles against the whip of hunger, *laissez-faire*, excessive inequalities; he has read some modern authors, but his mind and heart remain back there; and so I cannot accept his credentials to be the prophet of the new society.—*Third Programme*

Memories of a Wiltshire Village

By GUY MACKARNESS

WHERE else but in Wiltshire will you find within the boundary of a single county so rich a collection of the real gems of the English country scene? When you think that in this favoured shire you can see the miracle of Stonehenge, the incomparable grace and beauty of Salisbury Cathedral, the rolling sweep of the plains, and dozens—yes, dozens—of such really beautiful, unspoilt villages as Castle Combe, Lacock, or East Knoyle, you realise what a wonderful heritage these fortunate men and women of Wiltshire possess.

I want to take you back to the turn of the century and try to tell you something about life in a Wiltshire village as I saw it all those years ago, when nothing had changed very much for the past fifty years and did not look like changing for the next fifty—if not longer. East Knoyle is tucked away in the south-west corner of the county, only six miles north of Shaftesbury; the village nestles cosily under the southern slopes of a wooded hill famous not only for its picturesque old windmill, but for a glorious view over the wide sweep of the Dorset plain to Cranborne Chase in the distance.

The lay-out of the village is roughly T-shaped, with the hill lying above and parallel with the cross-piece—the piece which gives us the lovely old fifteenth-century church, the school, the old rectory (birthplace of Christopher Wren), and many delightfully picturesque thatched cottages, spreading up through the district known as Holloway. Where the cross-piece joins the main upright of the 'T' stands Knoyle House, a fine, old, grey-stone mansion,

the home for many generations of the famous Seymour family. If from this point we head for Shaftesbury and follow the main street we find more cottages, the post office, police station, shops, a chapel, and the Seymour Arms.

The names of many of those kindly village folk are still fresh in my



The parish church, East Knoyle, Wiltshire; and (left) the village street

Photographs: G. F. Allen



memory. There were the Alfords, for instance—the brothers Frank and Felix, who were saddlers, harness-makers, and cobblers. The little shop was completely pervaded by that lovely leathery smell one does not often meet nowadays beyond the range of a tannery, and it seemed to cling to the brothers themselves. To me they were leathercraft personified, somehow, and I remembered looking with keen interest at Frank's thumb—all flattened and shiny like the polished leather he worked on so skilfully every day. Then there was Coggins, the policeman, red-faced and cheery; Tom Fowler, the baker, in his smart, high, two-wheeled cart; Willie Shepherd, tall and broad, whose tenor voice in the choir on a Sunday almost drowned the organ—and he knew it. Frank Tuck, the verger, with his little shop in Holloway where we exchanged our pennies for acid drops and gelatine pastilles; the Littlecotts, who played various instruments in a small orchestra started at the Rectory by one of my aunts. Mallet, Snook, Maidment, Ovens, Woodley, Tanswell—all these names and more come crowding back over the half century and conjure up their childhood memories.

—From a *West of England Home Service talk*

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Personally Conducted Tours

By J. M. RICHARDS

TWENTY years from now the venerable Professor Pevsner will be climbing into his motor-car—or maybe his helicopter, if by then the helicopter is accounted a suitable vehicle for an old gentleman rising seventy—and setting off to collect the material for the last volume of his county architectural guides. The first two volumes have just been published* and Professor Pevsner announces his intention of continuing at the rate of two volumes a year until the whole of England has been dealt with.

It is a formidable task that he has set himself, especially in view of his many activities in other directions, but the quality of the first two volumes promises that it will be splendidly performed. The guides are based on a personal visit to virtually every town and village and to every important architectural monument. Thus, although many of his historical facts are provided for him by the learned team of research workers employed to do much of the spade-work, his judgments and architectural descriptions are the result of his own observation, which gives the volumes both character and authority, in welcome contrast to the many guide books that are merely compiled from other guide books and thus perpetuate hastily formed opinions and errors of all kinds.

County guide books are innumerable, and there are already several series that specialise in architecture, of which the most notable are the *Little Guides*, compiled mostly in the opening years of this century by the ubiquitous J. C. Cox and others, but frequently revised, and Murray's *Architectural Guides* (these are more in the nature of picture books) edited by Messrs. Betjeman and Piper, of which the first two volumes, on Berks and Bucks, appeared a couple of years back. The former series, though admirable within its limits, is, by and large, the work of antiquarians and medievalists; for its emphasis is on churches, and churches of a later date than the seventeenth century are frequently dismissed by the one word 'modern'. The latter series is the work of two topographical enthusiasts, who besides much knowledge also possess unusual visual discrimination, and do not hesitate to follow their own tastes.

By way of contrast, the Pevsner series, as well as being far more comprehensive, is essentially the work of a historian. We are apt to associate historians only with ancient history, which is natural because the writer with Professor Pevsner's capacity of taking the historian's detached view of whatever comes his way—recent as well as ancient—is indeed rare. Professor Pevsner records with equal objectivity prehistoric remains, medieval churches and manor houses, Georgian squares, Victorian town halls, country mansions by Sir Edwin Lutyens and modern flat-roofed houses and factories. He is as capable of discerning the influence of Charles Voysey on Comper's style of 1897 (see under St. Mary's Church, Egmonton, Notts.) as of drawing a parallel between the plan of Restormel Castle, Cornwall, and of Castel del Monte in Apulia. He has, in addition to all this, a sharp eye for the small things that the guide book writer who follows orthodox paths invariably misses, and the knowledge to label them accurately. In what other guide book would it be noted not only that St. Austell, Cornwall, has a church with a perpendicular tower, enriched with figure sculpture, but that the White Hart Hotel nearby contains a panoramic

wallpaper of the Bay of Naples, c. 1800, by 'the famous' Dufour?

Historians are likewise traditionally supposed to be dry, and this is a defect from which Professor Pevsner's writing is not entirely free. But this he could hardly have avoided when packing so impressive a quantity of information into a small space, and he reminds us frequently enough that he is human after all, redeeming his matter-of-factness by the sudden introduction of a petulant phrase; for example when he describes the exterior of St. Helen's Church, Thorne, Notts. (1849-50) as 'sumptuous hamfisted Norman'.

One way in which the series under review suffers in comparison with the Betjeman-Piper series is that Professor Pevsner's exhaustive cataloguing of individual buildings leads him, in most instances, to ignore the character of places as a whole.

To choose a concrete example almost at random, Charlestown in Cornwall is a little harbour village devoted to the shipping of china clay and arranged round a particularly shapely stone-built harbour, but Professor Pevsner makes no mention of the charm of the severe but subtle geometry of the harbour walls and jetties, though in these lies the architectural character of the place.

A mere sentence or two, introducing the entry devoted to each town or village, telling the visitor what kind of place it is simply to look at, would have been an enormous gain. Professor Pevsner

might argue that the purpose of his guide is the architectural value of buildings lies nearly as much in their relationship to each other as in their styles, proportions and materials. If the difficulty was space, there are several ways in which economies could have been made; for example by omitting church plate, which has only a distant relationship with architecture and which he treats in any case in a somewhat perfunctory way. Moreover, it is hardly logical to include church plate while excluding church bells.

Its miniature stone-built harbours, incidentally, provide much of the fascination of Cornwall, but Professor Pevsner accords them none of the attention he gives to manor houses and churches of far less architectural distinction. In fact he rarely mentions them except when, as at St. Ives, the harbour was designed by an engineer as celebrated as Smeaton. He ignores, similarly, the admirably designed lighthouses that adorn the coastline and only refers in passing to the derelict tin-mines, especially those in the neighbourhood of Botallack, which are by far the most romantic of Cornish ruins. But it is easy to point out omissions in any guide book, and far more important in this instance to record the real achievement his first two volumes represent. They are a masterly work of condensation and, with their two hundred and fifty or so pages apiece, astonishing value at three-and-sixpence. Each volume, moreover, is illustrated by not far short of a hundred photographs, unfortunately rather poorly printed.

One last suggestion: it is always an invidious task bestowing asterisks on the Baedeker principle, but one would like to see it attempted in later editions. For the prospective visitor to a county with which he is unfamiliar, an extra index, listing, by some such system, the really noteworthy works of architecture, would help him to discover what he should on no account miss among the embarrassing richness of information with which Professor Pevsner has furnished him.

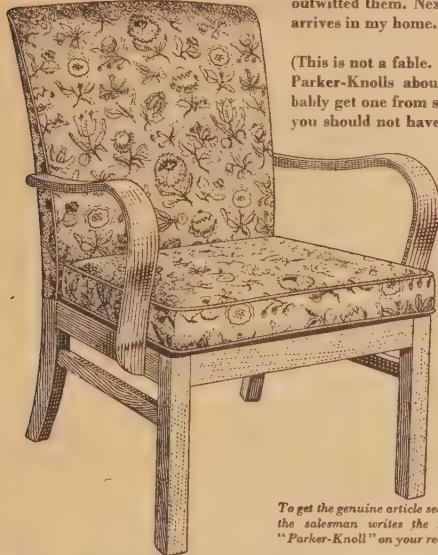


One of the five round cottages at Veryan

From 'Cornwall', by Nikolaus Pevsner

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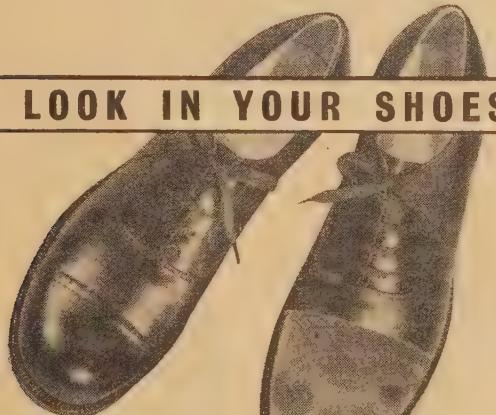
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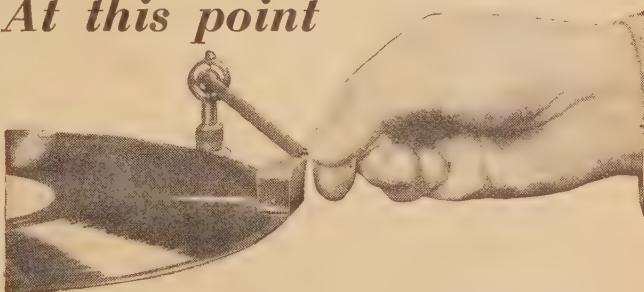
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THE WRITINGS OF SIMONE WEIL are as yet known to only a few in England, but they have attracted much attention and some controversy in France since they were published posthumously. Born in Paris in 1909 of a Jewish family, she was a brilliant and precocious student; so much so that the well-known French writer, Emile Chartier, who was her master before she entered the Ecole Normale, recognised that she had philosophical genius. But after teaching for a short time her longing to live the life of working people led her to take a job in the Repault works, despite her always delicate health. Later she shared for a time, as a non-combatant, the sufferings of the Republican army in Spain and during the second world war she joined the French resistance movement, eventually coming to England via America. But her health had grown worse and in 1943 she died in a sanatorium in Kent.

During 1941 and 1942, however, she had enjoyed the friendship of a Dominican priest, Father Perrin, to whom she confided the secrets of her inner life—in particular she discussed with him why, despite her devotion to Christ and assent to Christian doctrine, she could not become a Catholic. To Father Perrin, too, she committed her papers and it is to him that we owe this book, the first part of which contains six letters in which she defines with the utmost candour her deepest spiritual convictions. In one of them she wrote, 'I have an extremely severe standard for intellectual honesty, so severe that I never met anyone who did not seem to fall short of it in more than one respect; and I am always afraid of failing in it myself'.

The truth of this is apparent in every word she wrote, in the concentrated clarity of her style and in her uncompromising fidelity to her own thought and vocation. She felt ordained to be alone, 'a stranger and an exile in relation to every human circle without exception'. And it was as much this private necessity as sympathy with the unfortunate multitude which impelled her to work for a time in a factory, indistinguishable to all eyes from the anonymous mass. For the social, in the sense of collective emotion, or the cosy circle of a group was for her 'irremediably the domain of the devil'. She longed rather for the affliction of man to enter her flesh and soul. She envied Christ his crucifixion.

This was in the tradition of the Christian saints and there was much in her compulsive hunger for mortification which recalls the desert anchorites. Yet she believed that a new saintliness was demanded today in an age without precedent, 'a love which fills the whole universe indiscriminately'. For this reason she held that a genuine vocation might prevent anyone from entering the Church. But it was only in her letters to Father Perrin that she was immediately concerned with that problem. In the papers which follow she pursued her business which was 'to think about God'. The first of them, some reflections on the right way of study, crystallises her conception of attention.

For her, as for Pascal, men err always in wanting to be too active. The knit brows of the student betray the same falsely willed effort as any tense search for God. The way to truth, she insisted, was a way of humble attentive waiting. So was the way to sanctity. But it was in her treatment of affliction that she showed, perhaps, her starker insight, distinguishing it from suffering as a blind mechanism which reduced its

victims, often the most innocent, to mere things. This great enigma, so hard to reconcile with the love of God, tormented her mind and was the most painful fact of her experience. Beneath much that she wrote of the forms of the love of God we feel the brand of affliction which had marked her so deeply. So proud a mind as hers had to seek extreme abasement and there is a certain perversity in some of her contentions. But the flame of an intense spiritual ardour burns through her book.

Jefferson Hogg

By Winifred Scott. Cape. 18s.

It is not surprising if Hogg is the last of Shelley's friends and biographers to receive a study to himself. Peacock and Trelawny each has his own niche of interest, whereas Hogg's only importance for the reader today is his connection with his 'extraordinary friend'. This fact creates a problem for the biographer. How far should the writer treat of his subject in relationship to his friend, and how much can be devoted to Hogg as a figure of interest in himself? Miss Scott yields to the inevitable temptation of over-estimating her subject's personal importance. If only she had spared us, and herself, much of the heavy-going exploration of Hogg's jogtrot legal career, his occasional writings, his classical and botanical learning and his family life, she would have left room for a more detailed presentation of a relationship which is not only important for the light it throws on Shelley but is also something of a psychological curiosity in itself.

The day when Shelley and Hogg left Oxford together in disgrace was much less a turning-point in the poet's career than it was in his friend's. It seems as if, from that moment, without willing it, without even being clearly aware of it, Shelley dictated his friend's emotional life, much and often as he forgot the friend. Hogg had already been eager to fall in love with Elizabeth Shelley, whom he never even met. To Shelley's wife Harriet he certainly made advances. To Mary Shelley, as recently published letters have shown, he made unequivocal love, with Mary's consent and her husband's connivance. Finally he was to meet and marry the bereaved Jane Williams, the last and homelest of Shelley's Uramias. It seems that Hogg, like the young man in Yeats's prologue to *A Vision*, was incapable of love except after the example of his more enterprising friend.

This curious emotional pattern, like a dark reflex, throws up in relief the brilliant and much-explored complexity of Shelley's own emotional life. This was not quite so confused and inextricable as the poet felt it to be. A pattern can be traced, and Miss Scott, from her chosen angle, sees it more clearly than many have done. Her assessment of the *dramatis personae*, particularly of the women characters, is always fair and often shrewd. She never forgets, for instance, that Shelley and Harriet were children, and very much children of their age. Shelley at eighteen could talk and act with all the high-flown extravagance of a Noble Youth in one of Jane Austen's early skits. Again, it is right and shrewd, in dealing with Hogg's relationship with Mary, to assign the real cause to Mary's jealousy of her sister, Claire Claremont, who was monopolising Shelley's attention at the time. 'A ménage à quatre was only desirable to prevent a ménage à trois'.

With the writer's literary estimates—and particularly with that of Hogg's biography—it is

harder to agree. For most readers Hogg's unfinished life of the poet must remain an exasperating work, too often facetious without wit, and too heavily circumstantial in its self-preoccupation, whenever the subject is conveniently out of reach. It is curious that so reticent a man should have proved so garrulously personal a writer, when he was at last given the excuse.

Your Child Makes Sense: a Guidebook for Parents. By Edith Buxbaum.

Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

If there are future historians to look back on the first half of the twentieth century, they may well decide that the most remarkable event of that period was the discovery of the growth and vicissitudes of infancy and childhood. It is surely very remarkable that nowhere and at no time did man the inventor and observer consider his own early years nor watch the early years of his children until, almost by accident, a Viennese doctor who was trying to cure adult hysterics had the relevance of the earliest formative years of life brought to his attention by the recollections of his patients. As Freud developed the theory of psychoanalysis, the reconstruction of the vicissitudes of childhood bulked ever more important; but as far as the public record goes, he only had two interviews with a young child who was not a member of his family. Freud belonged to his period, and in the nineteenth century a man could not deal with little children; this was woman's work, and children remained unobserved until women—pre-eminently Anna Freud (who contributes a foreword to Dr. Buxbaum's book) and Melanie Klein—had been trained to take over this specialised duty.

As observations accumulated, the usual (one hesitates to write normal) psychological and physiological maturation of young children in occidental societies became relatively well understood, and also some of the disturbances and interferences which might conduct to an unhappy childhood and future neurosis. The attempt to apply such knowledge practically had in the beginning some grotesque results, such as the completely undisciplined children who were meant to have 'no inhibitions'; but greater knowledge and more common sense have now overcome most of these growing pains and there is a considerable fund of established observations available which should make for happier children and less worried or shocked parents. The theory is still wrapped to a great extent in technical jargon, but the facts on which the theory is based need only such technical words as are requisite in polite conversation for referring to the excretory and reproductive processes.

The ultimate aim of child psychiatry must be preventive—to guide parents and guardians in such a way that they neither disturb the children they are rearing, nor become disturbed themselves by childish aggression or sexuality. In a most worthy attempt to forward this aim Dr. Buxbaum has written her 'Guidebook for Parents' on the psychological development of children, with special emphasis on mouth activities, muscle control and sex development; the book is further fortified by two succinct chapters on the physical growth of the child and its development by Dr. Swanson. These two child doctors present much of the recent knowledge on child development in simple—indeed at times almost illiterate—language; the book would surely be of considerable help to young parents or nurses. Except for the final two chapters

which pay polite but extreme superficial respects to the fashionable concept of culture, there are practically no statements in the book which cannot be fully accepted.

Unfortunately, as far as Great Britain is concerned, the value of this potentially very useful book is lessened by the fact that it is extremely American, not merely in its language, though many of the colloquialisms may well be obscure to the young women who are the intended audience, but also in its assumptions concerning the surroundings in which the child will be reared, and in the ethical principles underlying the often excellent advice. Dr. Buxbaum subscribes unthinkingly to what Dr. Leites has called 'fun morality' in which enjoyment is treated as a categorical imperative, in the light of which it is wrong, sinful, not to have a good time; much sound advice is phrased in terms of this 'fun morality' (which would not appear to be acceptable to the majority of the English), when 'goodness morality' would have been just as appropriate. Had the book been revised for an English audience its impact would probably have been considerably greater; even in its foreign dress it should be of considerable assistance.

African Morning

By R. O. Hennings.

Chatto and Windus. 18s.

Some better picture than Mr. Hennings' may have been drawn of how life in the colonial administrative service starts for cadets posted to East Africa; but the present reviewer knows of none. Not only does Mr. Hennings' writing vividly evoke for the mind's eye the activities and relationships which make up the professional existence of a young district officer, but a series of quite admirable photographs present the distinctive idiom, the very sight and sound and smell, of the African countryside and its exotic people. Here publishers as well as author earn their meed of praise, for much of the force and conviction with which the book impresses the reader is owed to the winning aspect of the page, its printing and its lay-out.

Mr. Hennings tells us unselfconsciously about what he does and whom he meets when he goes on tour round his district. One day he may act as revenue officer, 'taking tax' from hundreds of pastoral nomads. On another he puts on the mantle of the magistrate, and hears a long list of court cases. A third day he may spend in planning the course of a new road or helping to further a local campaign against soil erosion. He lets us in on the humours and the real perplexities attendant upon such various jobs, the peculiarities of the worthies of the tribe, the litigants, the malefactors, and his own dependence on the subordinate members of the administration, such as native police, interpreters and clerks.

Thus the book sticks closely to the common round and the daily tasks of local government. It avoids the larger issues of policy. In some ways it is a relief to find a book on Kenya for which no racial question exists and the only social conflict is that between offenders and the law. For books on the problems of colonial politics are perhaps too common, and job-analyses of the various branches of the colonial service too rare, politicians being talkative and administrators inarticulate.

The British elector who is intelligent enough

to wonder what colonial officials really do in his name will on the whole be reassured by Mr. Hennings' story. One matter that causes misgiving, however, is the completeness with which both Mr. Hennings and the present Governor of Kenya, who contributes a foreword, are sold on the noble savage fallacy. They think that the

ports. And his love of it all is so strangely moving that the reader is moved too. And with reason: most folk, after all, enjoy pottering about old harbours; it is an added thrill when these are derelict, with only the ghostly aura of old prosperity clinging to them: but when their tour is personally conducted by one so obviously living in and for their past, the pleasure is immeasurably enhanced. There is, indeed, something of true inspiration here.

Scattered throughout are pen-pictures of singular beauty, not easily forgotten: of the windy heaths of coastwise Suffolk; of dark marshlands and obscure waterways; of the hard North Sea with its insensate cruelty; as, later, of the Goodwins and the Romney Marshes: pictures of men, too, and battles, of telling realism, revealing godless ferocities and cruelties of Saxons, Danes, pirates, smugglers, Frenchmen—yes, and Englishmen. Yet there is an undercurrent of much more solid information, like the glories of old Dunwich, and how it fell at last to its implacable foe, the 'surf-scorer' or (to quote a local fisherman) 'that b——y nor' west swipe': the fate of Rome's ports in Kent; when first the eagles and then the seas were withdrawn: the frequent rapes of Rye by the French; the overwhelming of old Winchelsea by the waves: old sailing-craft, vanishing or vanished; and a hundred other curious, little-known things. When he leaves Suffolk for Kent, Sussex, and even Hampshire, some of the 'homing' inspiration inevitably departs. No man's spiritual home can be everywhere, and it is not altogether his fault if he has left his heart in Suffolk.

The antiquarian and the historian may take exception to a number of details: the grammarian may object to the presence of full stops where he expects commas, and vice versa; and even the ordinary reader may find that certain words, good ones too, are sadly overworked—'nostalgic', for instance; and certain phrases like 'forgotten men of forgotten ports'. But such things, if defects, can never obscure the cardinal merits.

The Great Escape

By Paul Brickhill. Faber. 10s. 6d.

It is not only the scale of the attempt that sets *The Great Escape* apart from other escape stories, but its quality; for there is present all through it, as well as in its outcome, the authentic strain of tragedy. The basis of the story is already well known. In March, 1944, seventy-six British officers escaped in mass from an East German prison camp. All but three were recaptured. Fifty were shot by the Gestapo.

In that year Nazi Germany, faced with the certainty of defeat, had become a madhouse. The guilty had run amok in a suicidal rage of killing. The butchery in the concentration camps was reaching nightmare proportions. S.S. men swarmed in the ruins of the bombed cities, seizing and hanging in hundreds deserters, runaway slave labourers and even the feeblest of malcontents. Spies and sentries watched everywhere. Orders had been drafted threatening solitary confinement or death to prisoners-of-war attempting escape. All this was known to the men in Stalag Luft III. The camp commandant had urged them to remain, for their own safety, within the protection of the camp. They were remote from every friendly frontier; and the



Masai fighting men with ochred locks

From 'African Morning'

Masai herdsman is poor in material things but rich in spiritual, while with the productive worker of western civilisation the case is the other way about. This ill-considered view seems particularly dangerous in people with official responsibilities. It ignores the mental bondage which tribal sanctions and magical beliefs imply; and it vindicates British colonial rule on the odd ground that those Africans benefit from it most whose behaviour and outlook it has modified least.

Forgotten Ports of England

By George Goldsmith Carter.

Evans. 21s.

Though there is much 'history' here, and much 'local information', this book is not a history, still less a guide-book. Indeed there is little of technical scholarship about it, or of first-hand antiquarian lore. But it has its own fascination, a very personal one arising mainly from four sources—the interest inherent in the subject itself, unerring selection of material, writing that stems from the writer's heart and, above all, an ever-present love of the things written about.

The last-named is particularly apparent in the part which deals with Suffolk: most particularly of all when the author reaches the places of his birth and boyhood—Aldeburgh and Shaugden-Vale (the North Vere). Here he is at home: here too are the really forgotten

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CANCER WHERE WE STAND

by Sidney Russ

Illustrated 10s. 6d. net

This book, which is intended to inform and encourage, rather than to frighten the layman, contains a Foreword by Lord Horder in which he says:

'... we should be censured if we allow a false delicacy to screen us from telling the public what is the real position in regard to this particular menace to its life and happiness ... I regard this presentation of the subject of cancer as one of the clearest and truest that I have yet read. I think it will go far to enlist the help of the public in our ceaseless endeavours, by laboratory and clinical research, to reach a solution ...'

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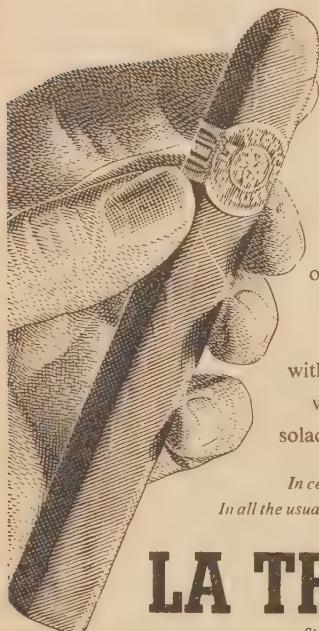
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opportunity to break out came at the wrong time of the year.

The scheme was desperate, but there was nothing harebrained about it, for it was not an escapade but a battle, waged by unarmed and caged men persisting in their duty, in isolation, against great odds; and they planned it as a battle, seriously and scrupulously. They were working—all six hundred prisoners in the camp took part—from huts raised above the ground as a precaution against tunnelling; yet they sank a complete system of tunnels, thirty feet underground and hundreds of feet long, with underground railways, workshops and air pumping stations. They were watched constantly and raided frequently by picked guards, yet they ran 'factories' in which they manufactured four thousand maps, two hundred and fifty compasses, tinned emergency rations, metal hot water bottles, and clothing, documents and passports (there was a 'studio' in which prospective escapers were photographed in appropriate German clothing) for two hundred men.

When the time came, seventy-six men got out before their tunnel was discovered. At Berchtesgaden Hitler flew into one of his rages and ordered that more than half of those recaptured were to be shot. There was a prolonged 'flap all over Germany'. Hundreds of thousands of Germans were involved in the search. Seventy thousand troops were occupied full-time on the job. Finally, seventy-three of the men from Stalag Three were rounded up, and it was the Gestapo that took them into custody. Some days later, twenty-three men were returned to the Stalag. The camp waited, in silence and foreboding, for news. Early in April the Germans informed them that fifty men had been 'shot while trying to escape'. It was established after the war, by the R.A.F. investigating team that brought the killers to trial, that the fifty had all been shot in cold blood.

Mr. Brickhill's style does full justice to his story. He is calm and quiet, without any dramatics; but, again and again, a character or a crisis is hit off with a swift, illuminating phrase; and all the time the tragedy, implicit though it is, gathers like a stormcloud behind the humours and adventures of the camp scene.

James Thomson. By Douglas Grant. Cresset Press. 18s.

When Coleridge, travelling in the wilds of Devonshire, discovered a copy of Thomson's *Seasons* lying on the table of the parlour of a primitive inn, he exclaimed to his companion 'Ah, there is fame!'—a remark which well sums up the all-embracing quality of Thomson's one-time popularity. Today he can be called a neglected poet although there are devotees who understand him as a true poet of Nature and not the artificer that a casual reading of his work might suggest. A critical biography was much needed and Professor Grant has taken his task with great seriousness of purpose. He has returned to manuscript sources wherever possible and been untiring in his research. The narrative shape of Thomson's life must be an attraction to any biographer; the poor Edinburgh boy coming to London to discover the sort of fame that few poets have in their lifetime; the sentimental love affair that came in middle age—and, above all, the quietly absorbing character of the poet himself.

Unfortunately Professor Grant's interest in narrative is limited and his handling of character, his feeling for the revealing line in a letter, the significant moments of which the best biographies are composed, is uninspired. Surrounded by voluminous notes from obscure Edinburgh muniments, by photostats of not very important letters, he seems unaware that these faded documents are symbols of flesh and blood that

walked and talked two hundred years ago. In the book the documents speak their dry language, whereas it is the sign of the true biographer that he returns us to the living flesh. Strachey ploughed his way through an acre of state documents to find the animating line, and while one realises that his method gives many opportunities for charlatanism, its general principles can only rarely be disregarded. Recently Mr. James Pope-Hennessy disregarded them in his biography of Monckton Milnes, which contained long passages of documentation, and his method completely succeeded not only because it was suited to the subject-matter but because Mr. Pope-Hennessy allowed himself no prolixity.

Prolifexy is Professor Grant's sin: he cannot mention a poem without reprinting in full the wording on the title page, he diffuses an interesting point far beyond the point of boredom, with the result that the book leaves no clear impression at the end. It is a great pity that all the painstaking research which he has put into the book should have turned it into such a piece of Eng. Lit. lit. Professor Grant's earlier book about his experiences during the war showed such promise and such sensitivity that the reviewer of his new book is perhaps likely to be harsher than if it had been written by the routine producer of dull biography. He seems to acquiesce in the quite untrue view that scholarship must be dull—a token perhaps of the ambivalence an imaginative writer feels when he discovers himself in the realms of official scholarship.

An Introduction to English Mediaeval Architecture. By Hugh Braun. Faber. 42s.

No system of architecture has been studied from more various points of view than that of the Middle Ages. The men of the seventeenth century admired it only as a record of history; the men of the next century considered it merely as picturesque. By about 1820 its religious connotations were beginning to be significant; by 1850 it was being oddly judged by men as diverse as Kingsley and Ruskin on its moral values. By this time, however, its archaeological and architectural study had made great progress, and for the rest of the century such studies advanced with increasing virtuosity. In the early years of the twentieth century it began to go out of fashion, until such men as Emile Male made us see it again as a mirror of the Middle Ages. More recently, architects of German training have re-expressed its forms in terms of space, and Mr. John Harvey has tried to make the men behind the buildings come alive.

Mr. Braun has an innate hatred of France, and a hardly less strong dislike of Rome. He early states the chief thesis of his book: 'The architecture of Western Europe is entirely an offshoot of Byzantine culture and owes little or nothing to Classical Rome'. English architecture, in his view, is part Byzantine and part Carolingian, but owes nothing to any part of Europe west of the Rhine. He will, however, permit influences from further east at any distance; 'the period covering the second half of the twelfth century and known today as the Transitional is in fact that during which Western Byzantine architecture was acquiring a measure of refinement through being brought into contact with the more advanced craftsmanship of the Armenians, Syrians and other Eastern Byzantines'.

Mr. Braun is of an authoritative turn of mind, and states his views with more decision than documentation. It seems, indeed, rather strange that he does not attempt to support his heresies by closer arguments, more exact dating, and a greater measure of scholarship. There are no references or bibliography, and few of the illustrations are exactly dated.

The book, indeed, is muddled in plan. Chapter I ranges from Egypt and Mesopotamia to Persia and Rome (always omitting France); Chapter II is on England in the Middle Ages; Chapter III is on the builders; and so we pass by 'Constructional Problems' and 'The Development of Design' to particular kinds of buildings, ecclesiastical and secular and to a notably undated chapter on ornament without any real consideration of the change of styles during the period. Mr. Braun is not the master of any great literary elegance. We may forgive him for calling Salisbury 'dainty', but we shall be apt to apply the sentence to the book itself when we read: 'Much of the attraction which English Mediaeval buildings have for many of us today is undoubtedly due to the evident artlessness of the inspiration which underlies their designs'.

Bondo Highlander

By Verrier Elwin. O.U.P. 50s.

With this book, Dr. Elwin leaves his former ethnographic province, Middle India, and commences the exploration of a new and fascinating region, the wild and little-known hills of Orissa. Such a change involves him in a certain difference of technique, for, instead of immersing himself in a people by living in his own house in the heart of the tribal country, he has now resorted to prolonged expeditions in order to gather his material. The result has all the freshness of a first impression, and instead of being a drily scientific monograph, haggard with theory and sterile from abstractions, the book is remarkable for its charm of style, its verve and gusto and general poetic insight.

The picture which emerges is of a violent but charming people, enlivened by the quite unusually assertive personalities of its men. These are often turbulent and lazy while the women are pacific and industrious. The men possess slim and lithe physiques, with faces of an often arresting beauty. The women, on the other hand, with their shaven heads, their massive rope-like necklaces, and tiny aprons, seem almost to go out of their way to extinguish sexual charm. The resulting way of life is arduous and, on the whole, happy but it is also continually rent by quarrels many of which end only in bloodshed and homicide. It was, in fact, the Bondos' excessively developed 'impulse to aggression' which most impressed Dr. Elwin during his visits, and while his book is not a conscious or deliberate attempt to investigate the problem, he can hardly avoid showing how many Bondo institutions reflect this aspect of the tribal temperament. The castigation ceremony, for example, in which the village boys labour each other in mock combats, is an obvious attempt to divert this impulse into play.

But the main causes, as he sees them, are the early stress which is laid on individuality—for almost from its birth a Bondo baby is left to fend for itself—and, at the same time, the unusually repressed conditions of life before marriage. Unlike other aborigines, particularly of the Gond and Munda families, the boys rarely begin their sexual life before betrothal and it is the resulting sense of frustration which, Dr. Elwin believes, finds a later outlet in violent aggression. It is perhaps equally significant that the Bondos have hardly any poetry and even less dancing so that some of the most potent means of easing emotional stresses are denied them. That such a people require particularly wise and humane treatment is obvious and it is the special merit of Dr. Elwin's book that even the least instructed of readers will realise how supremely worthwhile is any attempt at their benevolent administration.

The book is lavishly illustrated with excellent photographs, many of which are by Dr. Elwin's friend and colleague, Mr. D. V. Sassoon.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent critics

TELEVISION

The Little Fixes

'THE LITTLE FOXES', Lillian Hellman's pitiless denunciation of Southern States parvenus, made the most considerable histrionic impression this fortnight—partly because the production had our nerves on edge as if watching a costly dog not quite being run over. Miss Hellman writes a devastatingly sure first act. Alexandra Palace American, with regional drawl, may not be easily comprehensible, but I was surprised to see eminent colleagues saying they could not understand the story; this may of course not be disparagement, nowadays, when plays actually win prizes for incomprehensibility; but I find Miss Hellman crystal clear and like her for it, holding that in those arts which depend on an immediate audience reaction (*i.e.*, the drama as opposed to *écrù* work) clearness is of paramount importance. It is not a nice story; the little foxes and most of all the vixen triumph; the poor in spirit, far from inheriting the earth, go to the wall (poor Aunt Birdie and Regina's husband with coronary). But it is true, one thinks, at least for 1900 in that part of the world.

Stanley Haynes' production had to contend with memories of a good stage version and a film masterpiece (Wyler with Bette Davis at the top of her form). Let us see what can be said on the credit side. There was the handsome Miss Herlie making a television debut without evident strain; hitting home but not without monotony; where is the raillery and gaiety she showed us in 'The Thracian Horses'? But there were extenuating circumstances—there always are in television. Also Nora Nicholson, deputising for another actress, did very finely, and at one moment poignantly, as the bullied, tiddly Aunt Birdie; even if this hardly rivalled Patricia Collinge in the film, it was first-rate of its kind. Also George Coulouris as the villainous Ben, who was admirable. But after that the credits begin to fade. I'd except, however, from this tale of disappointments, the two Negro servants. Negroes, by rea-

son of their physiognomy and their superior relaxation, seem to me infinitely the best television actors; let us have 'Porgy and Bess' good and soon, please.

But to hark back to my first suggestion: that what gave the occasion much of its excitement was the sense of imminent peril. This quality



'How Do You View?', on September 19: Leslie Mitchell 'interviewing' the Boggolo champion (Terry-Thomas)

is the corollary of the 'actuality' of television sport or news flash; an improvisational effect; a 'shall we see it in time?' Wherever galleryites forgather you will hear tales which include this formula: *Then, my dear, the scenery began to fall down.* The disasters which shook this

production were many, yet not wholly displeasing; the microphone, suddenly swinging into view like a parrot on a wire, lent a surrealist touch: when a door was flung open upon a crucial *tête-à-tête*, but Bea Lillie-like refused to stay flung open, a hand, a *terre-à-terre* hand, like a spiritualistic medium's apport, materialised and grabbed the offending 'prop'; or again when someone was saying 'De ole plantation sure is mighty quiet tonight' there would be a crash like the kitchen dresser coming loose somewhere in the near background. Who am I, who cannot take a holiday snap without falling off the pier, to criticise these things? All I am saying is that when they occur on the stage (as in many a Rep on Monday nights) your good trouper can cover up, glazing his eye, even gagging 'What, another thunderstorm?' or 'Those wretched suffragettes again, eh?' but in television we are all too close. We see the swallowing, and the eye wild with alarm. Yet all this gave 'The Little Foxes', in a curious way, an edge; Hollywood gloss is not everything; if these little fixes were risked for the sake of getting this or that shot or alignment because it presented itself as a possibility at the moment; if they were the result of inspired improvisation instead of playing safe, then well and good. I had a music teacher who used to say 'Never mind the wrong notes, go on with the music!' Good advice, though it doesn't make virtuosos, as I know.

I thought some of the siting of the play uncommonly good; formal but lively; with a wide horizon on the details at any given moment—especially in the first after-dinner scene. I look forward to 'Another Part of the Forest', if and when . . . I had meant to say something about Mr. Terry-Thomas this week, but that bland and competent comedian, who is like some tremendously knowing best man at a middle-class wedding, a wedding where all the lights will almost certainly fail during the bridegroom's speech, is a rock in the wild waters of television comedy. Ethel Revnell, in an old-style 'poor slavey' monologue, bounded out of the screen at



Scene from 'The Little Foxes', with (left to right) Eileen Herlie as Regina, Nora Nicholson as Birdie, and Hugh Williams as Horace



'Summer Follies', televised on September 22, with Claude Hulbert and Ethel Revnell bargaining with a Mexican (Jerry Desmonde)

us. Mercifully this is something not all television comedians can do.

'Shadow Scene' by Sheila Hodgson was a decent little Rep play, with poor dialogue and a well-worn theme and setting (spiv landlady's son in seaside theatre digs mystery) but the characters had some sort of life and the settings, with a typical wet British watering place and a seaside repertory theatre, had some, if not the highest kind of truth. It was watchable, like a British 'B' grade picture. Passable acting. W. P. Rilla produced.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

BROADCAST DRAMA

Thick and Clear

A LISTENER TO the last act of 'Cymbeline' might echo the personage in an old comedy, 'Here's none of your straight lines. Zigzag, crinkum-crunkum, in and out, right and left'. This is the scene, with the 'cumulated dénouements', that 'Q' admired and that set Shaw's teeth on edge. (We are to hear, in the Third Programme, what he did about it.) The scene, in Sunday's broadcast, was easier than usual. Not that many would have worried: they had listened to an acutely-judged performance of Shakespeare's golden legend, one spoken without the sob in the voice and those up-and-down, fever-chart intonations that warn us we are listening to verse. Here the fantastic romance, the collision of Snow-White with Holinshead and the Decameron, glowed in the mind. Fay Compton expressed the tenderness and the spirit of Imogen, nonpareil of Shakespeare's women: I have never heard the lines after the departure of Posthumus ('I did not take my leave of him') spoken better.

In several ways this was a revival for the records. The Posthumus (Robert Harris) enforced our belief. For once the ghosts came to him in prison. E. A. Harding had left a few of the speeches for the spectral Leonati that Granville-Barker called 'jingling twaddle', and Shaw, perversely, 'careless woodnotes wild'. We find the masque rarely in the theatre. On the air its lines, or what remained of them, wailed impressively from the vaults. I remember Edmund Willard's declamation as Cymbeline, who surprisingly gives his name to the play (an as-you-like-it title); the tones of Catherine Lacey biting into the oddly-addressed 'gentle Queen'; and Norman Shelley's old-oak voice transforming Belarius, too often a boomer. (It was good to hear him in the passage, 'O, this life is nobler', that harks back to Arden.) Anthony Jacobs, as Iachimo, 'slight thing of Italy', developed with the play: he was better in his mocking return to Rome than in the speech over Imogen which seemed to be too consciously a purple patch. All told, it was a production (Wilfrid Grantham's) of some excitement, a Third Programme birthday gift. The make-believe world of 'Cymbeline' is created more easily on the air, with the voice and the imagination, than in a theatre where awkward questions must intrude. Aubade and dirge, curse and blessing, Rome of the Renaissance and of Augustus Caesar, 'poor shadows of Elysium', the gaoler and his 'charity of a penny cord', Shakespeare's obsession with Milford Haven, the crinkum-crunkum last act: gratefully, we accepted all.

Pirandello, in the theatre, has not been everyone's favourite dramatist. While listening to some of his arguments about the nature of reality, I have felt like quoting Gilbert's Lady Blanche: 'I propose considering, at length, three points—the Is, the Might Be, and the Must'. But in 'Lazarus' (Third) we are not wandering, crinkum-crunkum, in a metaphysical mist. This is a more human Pirandello, a play of faith and charity that needs close attention but never

exasperates. The translation, C. K. Scott-Moncrieff's, is unmuffled; and producer (Mary Hope Allen), and cast (notably Robert Speaight and Catherine Salkeld), kept me in content. It is odd how stray lines cling. Days after the production I was thinking still of Catherine Salkeld's voice in 'The pleasure of making bread with the same hands that sowed the grain'.

Everything was lucid in the period curio of 'Mrs. Gorrige and Her Necklace' (Home), which Howieson Cuff derived from the Hubert Henry Davies piece (1903) of approximately the same name. No re-writing can aid the serious scenes: they are pancake-flat. Only the comedy matters: here we were safe with Gladys Young, who found a manner like an angry frog, and Marjorie Westbury (Mrs. Gorrige of the missing necklace) whose voice was a water-drip torture. Impeccably phrased and timed, these performances justified the revival. I have no room to say more of 'Crotchet Castle' (Third), Douglas Cleverdon's apt Peacock version—it must certainly return—than to exclaim, with Priestley, 'What a genial tonic Peacock is, in this long, dark influenza of a world!' And I must leave until next week any note on Sir Lewis Casson's Socrates in the Clifford Box play that shines with the light of Athens in the prime.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Poetry and Science

GILBERT WHITE began nearly two centuries ago to study the natural history of Selborne, but no student of natural history has yet chosen Broadcasting House as a field for investigation, nor do we associate 'wild life' either in the rural or the urban sense with that respectable edifice. Yet the fact cannot be blinked that the staff of the B.B.C. are members of the animal kingdom and, as such, are subject to the influences of climate and weather. Hence the efflorescence of poetry last week. In the summer months, not only this but every year, poetry all but withers up, but as the evenings begin to grow chill we note that it is breaking into bloom. Last week we had no less than five programmes of poetry, among them the once familiar 'Time for Verse'. And indeed it was time, high time, that this enjoyable half-hour returned to its place in the Home Service. As of old, Patric Dickinson was its editor and producer and his readers on this occasion were Marjorie Anderson and John Laurie. It was a well-contrasted selection ranging through poems by Clare, Donne, Hardy, Shelley and others, and head and shoulders above all stood Donne's 'The Apparition', as it must in all but the very highest company. John Laurie gave a fine rendering of it and he and Marjorie Anderson did full justice to the other poems.

Even though the translation was by Day Lewis, it was with very little appetite that I approached Virgil in English and the *Aeneid* endowed with a dozen or more speaking parts, which, by the way, seems to remove these programmes from my province into that of my dramatic colleague. I will only remark, then, that in the eating I found the pudding magnificent. It was as if Virgil—I have tried, and failed, to spell him Vergil—had emerged, even though he left his hexameters behind him, from the stuffy shades of the classroom into blazing sunshine.

T. S. Eliot is a fine reader of poetry, one of those very rare readers who let the poetry speak for itself. His reading of his 'Ash-Wednesday' last week was completely satisfying. Within a narrow range of tone and with a pause or a stressed word here or there, he unfolded the poem's meaning and revealed its extraordinarily subtle rhymes and rhythms.

All these poetry programmes except 'Time for Verse' came from the Third Programme, whose

fifth anniversary fell last week. This was marked by an admirable talk on the Home Service called 'The Place of the Third Programme' by its Controller, Harman Grisewood. Its chief function, he pointed out, is intercommunication as opposed to specialisation. It brings to very many what was formerly the enjoyment of few, and one indication of the success of this intention is the surprising fact that 200,000 people listened to the broadcasts of Plato's *Dialogues*. Recalling the exorbitant hopes with which I awaited the birth of the Third Programme, I realise that they have been fulfilled again and again.

There are scientists who suffer from the delusion that the mere fact that they are scientists qualifies them as philosophers. Antony Flew devoted the second of his two talks on 'The Significance of Parapsychology' to exploding the conclusions drawn by Professor J. B. Rhine from his fascinating series of experiments in telepathy and psychokinesis. Precognition, Mr. Flew pointed out, is not, whatever else it may be, a species of knowing. Causation, he said, cannot work backwards: cause-and-effect is an analytical proposition and if the effect comes before the cause, then the resulting 'cause' must actually be 'effect'. Discussions such as these are not only highly instructive: for the ordinary listener they are great fun too.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Danish and Italian

THE DANISH STATE Radio Symphony Orchestra on its welcome visit to this country has been playing a number of symphonies by Denmark's foremost composer, Carl Nielsen, who was born in the same year as Sibelius and who died twenty years ago. Sibelius is said to prefer the great Dane's music to his own: however that may be, both the Third and Fourth Symphonies heard during the week proved to be works of considerable—and incidentally very different—character, even if neither quite measured up to the Fifth Symphony which this same orchestra played at last year's Edinburgh Festival. Of the two works, the Fourth ('The Inextinguishable') was the more serious, forceful and intense, the more Sibelian in fact. It perhaps lacks the Sibelian thematic growth. Nielsen has a broad three-two theme in minims in the first section which neither strikes one here as a particularly good theme, nor has greatness thrust upon it on its reappearance in the final section. Inevitably it suffers by comparison with the minim theme in the finale of Sibelius' Fifth Symphony. But there are most striking things in the Nielsen work, notably the menacing timpani parts in the last section: at this point the work almost turns into a timpani concerto.

The Third Symphony ('Espansiva') is quite another matter and makes one wonder whether comparison with Sibelius is the right thing at all to apply to this composer. It certainly will not serve here, in this generally cheerful, extrovert work. Even of Prokofiev one momentarily thought in the brisk, attractive first movement. As is frequently so in Nielsen's music, the sequence of thought is sometimes a bit difficult to grasp and one has an impression of disjointedness (the timpani already mentioned are a case in point: and in the slow movement of this Third Symphony, I failed to integrate the rhapsodic second part, using two solo voices quite beautifully, with the first part. Further hearings may well reveal that this apparent disjointedness is in fact due to the unpredictability of a mind that is highly original and occasionally rather naive). The last movement was, however, entirely straightforward and had a sweeping, solid theme which, as soon as one had mentally labelled it as Brahmsian, took so

entertaining a turn as to falsify the description. The whole work, and especially its first and last movements, could become very popular here.

In this Verdi year, the B.B.C. is serving us well. Following hard on 'The Battle of Legnano', about which I wrote last week, came a recording of 'Macbeth' taken from a festival performance earlier this year at the Teatro Comunale, Florence, under Vittorio Gui. 'Macbeth' is also an early opera, written a year or two before 'Legnano', but it has the great advantage of having been revived twenty years later, in Verdi's maturity. In its revised version it is by far the finer work and noticeably better scored. And since its battle, adorned by *la foresta*

di Birnamo, means more to us than the affray between Barbarossa and the Lombard League, it made much better listening. The only reservation concerns the interminable witches' ballet added by Verdi in his revision of Act III: second-rate music, with only the sound of the dancers' feet (and the rapturous Florentine applause afterwards) to remind one, tantalisingly, of the missing visual aspect. Ivan Petrov sang finely as Macbeth: Astrid Varnay in the taxing part of Lady Macbeth, which extends from low B flat to D flat two-and-a-quarter octaves higher, was excellent in the extremes of her compass, with a shade too much vibrato elsewhere. Possibly her great sleep-walking scene could have been more

eerie. One grouse: I may be insular but I do not like to hear practically every vocal entry anticipated by the prompter's voice.

Both these operas had introductory scripts, read between each scene, written by Mr. Dyneley Hussey. As he is the regular occupant of this column, I hope I shall not be accused of nepotism if I say that they could hardly have been better or more helpful to the listener. Yet I long for the day to return when the B.B.C. can print a libretto or at least a fully signposted synopsis for the listener to have at hand. The eye, deprived necessarily of the stage, is entirely free to follow the action in print.

ALAN FRANK

The Background to Recent German Music

By DONALD MITCHELL

K. A. Hartmann's Third Symphony will be broadcast at 11.15 p.m. on Sunday, October 7 (Third)

WHAT German composers are writing now, and have been writing during the last three decades, can hardly be understood without some reference to the singularly unfortunate history of their country. Consider the historical facts alone: very late national unification succeeded by two catastrophic world wars; and now, in 1951, Germany is halved by conflicting political issues. When these matters are related chronologically to the development of German music it is comparatively easy to realise why the path of the contemporary German composer is beset with substantial difficulties.

Probably the most seriously disruptive of all the historical elements was the advent of Hitler in 1933. We are inclined to forget too quickly that the aesthetic theories propagated by his party were of the most pernicious nature, and were responsible for a mental climate in which the artist survived at the expense of his sensitivity and integrity. In addition the stifling censorship imposed by the National Socialists not only deprived many young musicians of hitherto widely-accepted traditional figures (both classical and post-classical) but drove from Germany altogether those leading 'revolutionary' composers who had themselves emerged from the close of the German-Viennese tradition at the turn of the century. Arnold Schönberg, Paul Hindemith, Ernst Krenek, Kurt Weill, Hanns Eisler, and many other musicians of all categories, were obliged to seek refuge elsewhere.

It hardly needs emphasising that this extraordinary exodus of talent (headed in all respects by Schönberg), coupled with the Nazis' proclamation of a multitude of progressive European artists as 'decadent' or 'bo'shevik', left a gaping hole, materially and spiritually, in the continuity of German musical life. It would have been less serious perhaps had the need for continuity, even the revolutionary aspects of it, been less. As it was, no more fatal blow to German music could have been devised than this mass emigration of its most vital exponents.

The Nazi onslaught on German culture resulted in a historical situation without precedent or parallel: a situation where a nation's foremost composers were summarily exiled and forced to carry out their 'degenerate' practices on foreign territory (as were Schönberg and Hindemith); or, if they were 'corrupt' but Aryan, remain silent (like the ill-fated Webern). This in itself precipitated an interesting geographical displacement of influences: for instance the (in a sense) German 'traditions' of Schönberg and Hindemith were necessarily maintained outside the countries of their origin. In a curious round-about way the German tradition has remained

alive and found new adherents in countries not normally of Teutonic persuasion: Dallapiccola is a distinguished example of the latter tendency. But while the rest of the musical world was benefiting from the teaching and creative examples of these ejected musicians, the countries of their birth were having to do without them.

It is true that two composers of international repute still resided in Germany—Richard Strauss (1864–1949) and Hans Pfitzner (1869–1949)—but both belonged to a tradition which was already exhausted, and neither, stylistically or temperamentally, was capable of giving the new German school the lead it required. Indeed in the nineteen-twenties Strauss and Pfitzner would not have been thought of as stylistic determinants of contemporary validity; in spite of the years of bewilderment and disintegration which followed the first world war, it looked in the nineteen-thirties as if German music had attained a certain equilibrium, widely diversified maybe, but free of the more inhibiting of nineteenth-century customs. Unhappily the Nazis intervened, and so far as German music was concerned that tenuous stability was effectively undermined.

Censorship operates in two directions and there is little available evidence for an accurate assessment to be made of those composers sanctioned by the Nazis and permitted the right of performance. Two marked talents in the nineteen-twenties were Karl Marx (b. 1897) and Kurt Thomas (b. 1904), both of whom were engaged in making Hindemith's linear counterpoint (Reger-derived) serve specifically lyrical ends. Neither seems to have become at all familiar to English musicians nor have they been singled out as representatives of Germany's musical life after the second world war. The large output of J. Nepomuk David (b. 1895) has proved to be almost entirely highly-orthodox and conservative in content and intendedly non-controversial. English listeners, however, have recently had the opportunity to hear a work by a more eminent German composer active during the period 1933–1945—Carl Orff's (b. 1895) 'Carmina Burana'. Written in 1935, 'Carmina Burana' was a resounding success and it makes its own powerful comment on the culture which enjoyed it. No doubt the aesthetic historian of the future will draw significant parallels between Orff's infantile primitivity—the endless *ostinatos*, repetition of deliberately naive rhythms and phrases, childish indulgence in deafening percussion effects—and the Nuremberg rallies which depended for their mass hypnosis on similar verbal and visual equivalents. Both are the antithesis of civilisation ('counterpoint is nonexistent', as an enthusiast for 'Carmina Burana'

has written), and the Orff is the most disquieting example of the kind of (anti-)musical creation which apparently found favour in Germany in the inter-war years. Boris Blacher (b. 1903), although his music was banned by the Nazis, displays many of the same depressing characteristics as Orff; but in Blacher's case the sterile primitivity is disguised by a discreet tastefulness (an introvert, intellectual form of Orff's specious folk virility). Both Orff and Blacher present as it were the positive and negative aspects of a fundamentally destructive (and self-destructive) musical culture. Possibly Orff's and Blacher's respective pupils—Werner Egk (b. 1901) and Gottfried von Einem (b. 1918)—will prove to be more musically fruitful than their teachers.

For the young German composer the heritage of the years 1933–1945 cannot have been a very invigorating one; and it is significant that two of the most talented of the outstanding present-day German composers, Wolfgang Fortner (b. 1907, of repute before 1933) and his pupil Hans Werner Henze (b. 1926), have turned outwards towards Schönberg's twelve-tone system. Other composers who have attracted attention at international musical festivals are Bernd Alois Zimmermann, Matthias Siedel, Hans Ulrich Engelmann and Karl Amadeus Hartmann. Hartmann (b. 1905) was a pupil of Scherchen, and since 1945 has further established his reputation with an experimental chamber-opera 'Des Simplicius Simplicissimus Jugend' and (1935 to 1949) five symphonies, two of them for strings. Hartmann's rather sceptical, yet passionate, romanticism is at times suggestive of Mahler. In this respect Hartmann glances back while his younger contemporaries gaze forward (to Schönberg or Bartók).

It would, in my opinion, be unwise to expect too much too suddenly from the contemporary German composer, who has twelve lost years to catch up with. A hopeful sign is the movement towards Schönberg, an inflection which implies an abandonment of Orff or Blacher as potential models. Disparity of styles—of quality even—is inevitable. German music must to some extent relive the past and become acquainted with the present before it can make a contribution to the future.

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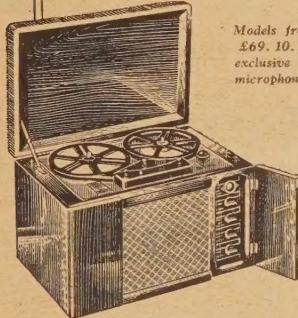
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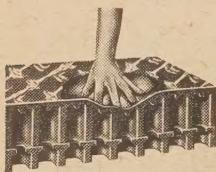


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MUSHROOM POISONING IS, fortunately, very rare, but there are at least two highly poisonous fungi in Great Britain which have been mistaken for edible mushrooms.

Most of the tests which are supposed to distinguish between poisonous fungi and edible mushrooms are in fact fallacious—for instance, edible mushrooms peel easily, but so does the most poisonous fungus of all—the Death Cap, or *Amanita Phalloides*—and the fact that the supposed mushrooms do not blacken a spoon during cooking also does not mean that they are good to eat.

How can you recognise poisonous fungi? First, they tend to grow in clumps in damp places and not scattered about in the open in fields like mushrooms. The Death Cap is usually a little taller than a mushroom and has a more slender stem. The cap is smooth and usually yellowish-green in colour; but most important of all, the gills underneath the cap—the slits, that is, on the under surface—are permanently white, while the gills of edible mushrooms are never quite white.

There is little excuse for mistaking the other important poisonous fungus, *Amanita Muscaria*, for a mushroom, because its cap is red with yellow or white spots, and no edible mushroom ever looked anything like that.

I do hope that nothing I have said will put you off eating honest, edible mushrooms, which are quite wholesome and, as you well know, make a particularly delicious and acceptable dish.

A DOCTOR (*Home Service*)

AVOIDING CHAPPED HANDS

Chapped hands occur, particularly in cold weather, in people who get their hands in alkaline soapy water—in other words in people

who do much washing of any kind or washing up. The alkaline soap removes the natural protective grease from the skin and damages the surface of it. Then when the skin dries, it is inelastic, cracks, and chapping occurs.

The way to prevent it is first to dry the hands properly after any washing, to keep them warm as far as possible, and particularly to wear gloves when there is a cold wind, to expose them as little as possible to soapy water, and to rub in a cream, or grease, which will make a more or less waterproof film over the skin.

Much can be done by using a mop for washing up and by wearing household rubber gloves when using any strong solution of soap or anything like soda or ammonia. The simplest things to rub in are vaseline or lanoline, but if you do not like these, any chemist will recommend some less greasy preparations you can try.

A DOCTOR (*Home Service*)

APPLE DUMPLINGS

In making apple dumplings, remember that you need 2-3 oz. of shortcrust pastry to cover each apple—4 oz. is not too much if the apples are large. The second point is that you must use soft apples because hard ones take longer than the pastry to cook, so that the pastry becomes hard. Here are the ingredients for four people:

For each apple:
 ½ oz. of brown sugar
 spice or lemon juice for flavouring
 For the pastry:
 12 oz. of flour
 5-6 oz. of mixed margarine and lard
 (clarified beef dripping or vegetable fat will do)
 pinch of salt
 cold water to mix

To make the pastry, first sieve the flour and

salt into a basin. Rub in the fat with the tips of the fingers until it looks like fine breadcrumbs. Make a hole in the centre of the flour and pour in about 4 tablespoons of cold water. Gradually stir in the flour from the sides with a knife. Add a little more water if the mixture is too dry—it must be a stiffish dough. Dredge some flour on a board, flour the rolling pin, and roll the pastry out away from you, not too thinly: about one-eighth of an inch is right. Divide the pastry into pieces, each large enough to cover an apple without stretching.

Now peel and core the apples. Fill the cavity with brown sugar flavoured, as you wish, with spice or lemon. Wet the edges of the pastry and draw them together on the top of the apple, pressing them gently down on to it.

Put them join downwards on a baking sheet and bake them in a fairly hot oven—it should be 425 degrees—for half an hour, then lower the heat and give them half an hour in a moderate oven (350 degrees). At the end of the first half-hour brush the dumplings over with water and sprinkle with sugar, then return them to the oven for the second period.

MARGARET RYAN (*Home Service*)

Some of Our Contributors

LEN PETERSON (*page 533*): Canadian novelist and broadcaster

DOUGLAS WOODRUFF (*page 534*): editor of *The Tablet*; author of *European Civilisation—The Grand Tour, Charlemagne*, etc.

R. L. MEEK (*page 547*): Lecturer in Political Economy, Glasgow University

PIERRE FRÉDÉRIX (*page 549*): French journalist and author of *Herman Melville*

18. Taverner's rather esoteric word (5).
19. Her tomb was found in an October night (7).
20. With nought but love perplexed, turned in quite tight (8).
21. By nature or the site of Ur therein (6).
22. One o' 33 (5).
23. Such women once have been (6).
24. Queen's henchman—sergeant strict in his arrest (5).
25. So round about a garb for East, not West (5).
26. Glean run! 18! (Still in? Out! Blast it!) See? (3).
27. Beer (but not skittles), cakes and ale may be (4).
28. Cant is appropriate, not beyond the pale (4).
29. Cicero's so and so (if you curtail) (3).

Solution of No. 1,116

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10		11		12				
13			14					
	15	16				17	18	
19			20		21			
22			23		24			
25	26	27		28	29	30		
31			32	33				
34	35	36	37	38	39			
40		41				42		

Prizewinners:
 H. A. Daniels (Sevenoaks); C. W. S. Ellis (St. Briavels); D. P. M. Michael (Whitchurch); D. J. Sinclair (Beckenham); P. H. Taylor (Newbold-on-Stour)

NOTE
 GASHED is allowed as an alternative to BASHED in 13 Down

CROSSWORD RULES.—(1) Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, and should be marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. (2) Clues are not normally given for words of two letters. There are no capricious traps. Each competitor is allowed to submit only one solution, but legitimate alternatives are accepted. Collaborators are not allowed in only a single joint solution. (4) Subject to the above rules, the senders of the first five correct solutions opened are awarded a book token of the value specified. (5) In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

1. What may be changed into a nice wee car (11).
2. Where's the ancient tandem made of tar? (4).
3. I'm saying sooth (8).
4. Any old kind of beast (4).
5. What's put the L in LAIR? A tree, at least (6).
6. Destroyer will emit about 5 score (5).
7. R-record the letter (6).
8. Roundelay split for door (4).
9. Split may here be found (8).
10. The Horn! The lady with the vessel's round (7).
11. Nice resolutions . . . and a taw main's heard (8).

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